

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

The death of Dr. Mendelssohn, in the early part of the last month, is one of the most melancholy casualties that have occurred in the musical art for a long time. We naturally forget how many similar and sudden experiences have suggested the usual reflections on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of human wishes, in the sight of a young composer invested with all the goods of fortune; the spectacle of artist-existence in a favorite of the public is so animated that we confer a kind of immortality upon it, and remove into hazy obscurity and the dim vista of the future the last and greatest of evils. But surely the recollection of C. M. von Weber, carried off in the first acclamation of his triumph among us, and of the early doom of Bellini, the most inventive melodist and dramatic genius of modern Italy, with numerous promising names in the humbler ranks of art, should teach us our error in wilfully excepting genius from the influence of the ordinary rule of human instability. When a composer fulfils the arduous duties, and complicated responsibilities, of Mendelssohn, he attains the giddiest height of prosperity and applause, with proportionate danger to health and life; and now that the melancholy event is passed, we begin to look into its prognostics.

We remember that, of late, he was solicitous rather to avoid engagements than to accept them; that he would not conduct the Leipsic subscription concerts this year; that he was often with difficulty induced to play; and that he found himself physically incompetent to cope with the weight of the Birmingham organ at the last festival. What he had formerly undertaken with cheerful and ready compliance, he now reluctantly accepted, or absolutely refused. It is true that, after a career of some twenty years before the public, applause was not to seek; he had exhibited marvels of facility as concerto and extempore player on the organ and pianoforte, and amidst such frenzied plaudits, that the intoxicating draught of youthful ambition may have lost its stimulus. Like some other heroes, however, he also may have found perpetual glory of itself an accumulating and intolerable weight, and that a great name and figure in the eye of the world are dearly purchased by constant toil and responsibility. He may have wished to anticipate the honorable repose of age in consideration of the more than double duty of his youth—having in his various capacities of composer, concerto player, extempore player, and conductor of an orchestra, acquitted himself

with a distinction unparalleled, save by Mozart. Possibly, too, he found a decline of the physical power necessary to contend with the daily exigencies of his position. At any rate, his appearance in the orchestra, when last we saw him at the Philharmonic Society, did not betray the fatal secret. Those who saw Mendelssohn on that brilliant occasion, honored by the presence of the Queen, revelling in his favorite Pianoforte Concerto—Beethoven's in G—with all the playful grace, the ease, and conscious mastery that communicated their peculiar charms to the performance, can scarcely have anticipated that, in a few short months, the player and his piece would become alike food for history. That those inconceivably rapid and elastic fingers, whose "artful and unimaginable touches" created the uproar of enthusiasm in the concert-room, should not delight us from season to season for a course of years seemed impossible. Never was a man so "booked" in public expectation for long prosperity. Removed from envy, rivalry, and detraction, in the possession of an ample fortune, he had nothing to do but to live; to live was to flourish, and to perform what was easy to him.

Such was the promising aspect in which Dr. Mendelssohn appeared in the lighted evening concert-room to his admiring audience. By daylight, and in closer contiguity, the spectator was struck by a certain appearance of premature age which his countenance exhibited; he seemed already to have outstretched the natural term of his existence by at least ten years. No one, judging by the lines in his face, would have guessed his age to be thirty-nine only. The disproportion between his actual age and the character of his face was especially noticed at the morning "Homage to Mendelssohn," performed in Harley Street by the Beethoven Quartet Society. Here he was gay and animated, and played delightfully; but, to the surprise of close observers, was no longer a young man. He had compressed a great deal of life into a short compass, and wanted a stronger physical constitution to support the throes of perpetual invention, and the excitement consequent on his elevated position. He was conscientious in fulfilling what he owed to his art, and to the public who cherished him; he sought to confirm "golden opinions" by the most generous efforts, and in the end may almost be described as "killed by kindness." The path of genius will always be chivalrous from its self-sacrificing ambition; and if the

cold neglect of the last century, and the eager patronage of the present, produce like results to the composer, society has at least advanced in granting the artist during his lifetime the full content of appreciation and sympathy.

The prosperous course of Felix Mendelssohn from infancy to maturity will always remain a bright and pleasant dream for artists in this contentious world. The advantages of a good position by birth; of possessing a name already celebrated in the walks of literature and philosophy; of musical parents, who quickly discerned the bent of his genius, and who spared no pains in developing it; of early intercourse with men of remarkable endowments, from whom he imbibed the tastes natural to intellectual preëminence and refined education — all these united for him in such a measure, that until the fairies again assemble round the cradle of a child with their good gifts, we shall look in vain for a similar picture of happy artist boyhood. Mendelssohn was born at Hamburg, Feb. 3, 1809. His father, a distinguished merchant at Berlin, found in that city the best materials for the musical and intellectual cultivation of his son. We are strongly reminded of the history of the Mozart family in the infant musical promise of Mendelssohn and his elder sister, almost his rival in skill, who always accompanied him in his tastes, and whom, by a remarkable fatality and coincidence in the mortal attack, he has this year accompanied to the tomb. In the case of the children of M. Mendelssohn, the mother, however, was the good genius who chiefly influenced their musical progress. This lady was herself an excellent practical musician, formed in the schools of Sebastian and Emanuel Bach; and not only did she appreciate the works of these models of musical science, but their utility in developing the musical dispositions of the young. Her example is worthy of imitation. She commenced with lessons of five minutes' duration, gradually extending them; and so rapid was the child's progress under her tuition, that by his eighth year he mastered with ease passages requiring a very skilful execution. At this tender age, he was also able to transpose the pieces in Cramer's studio, and to play from the scores of Bach at sight. His ear readily detected fifths and other inaccuracies in counterpoint. He discovered an error of this sort which had previously escaped detection in a motet by Bach. The precocity which he displayed excited general admiration: and the masters who successively assisted in his musical education were fully persuaded that they were rearing another Mozart.

Louis Berger, of Berlin, succeeded the mother of Mendelssohn as his musical instructor; and, subsequently, the boy, together with his sister,

took lessons of any famous master who happened to be sojourning in Berlin, thus appropriating the different excellences of many artists, Hummel, Moscheles, &c. The musical capacities of these accomplished children are described as nearly equal; a generous emulation prevailed between them; sometimes the brother was in advance, sometimes the sister. A life-long, profound sympathy and attachment grew out of their common musical studies; and to appreciate the beauty of the nearness of kin and of soul subsisting between Mendelssohn and his sister, Music, with her impassioned and elevated influences, must aid us. Rarely are kindred gifts of high genius bestowed upon a brother and sister; but of Mendelssohn and Madame Henvel* it may truly be said —

"Like fortunes did their souls acquaint."

The steps by which the youthful artist accomplished that complete readiness of eye and hand, of musical intellect and ear, which rendered him as a practical musician the wonder of our age, are obvious. Difficulty had at length no place in his vocabulary; he had learned to anticipate all the combinations of pianoforte music; and his early industry so far, of late, superseded the necessity of practice, that he has been known to play both the organ and pianoforte in public after intermitting practice for months. He sustained to the end all the assaults of the most inveterate mechanism; and, with Liszt and Thalberg in the field, was incontestibly the first pianoforte player of his day. Music, whose true votary he was, never deserted him, and taught the most industrious saloon players, when he was present, to know their place.

The plan pursued to form young Mendelssohn as a composer was directed also by great intelligence. He had been placed for this branch of art under Zetter, of the singing academy, a thoughtful master, and the correspondent of Goethe; and Zetter thought too highly of his charge to fetter his genius by scholastic rules. The exercises he made under Zetter were chiefly little symphonies in four parts, for stringed instruments, in composing which he followed the bent of his genius. After what fancy and imagination had achieved for the music of modern Germany, it was feared that systems might stifle

* The memory of this lady was as wonderful as that of her brother. On her father's birthday, she once performed, as a surprise to him, an incredible feat, namely, of playing, by memory, the whole of the forty-eight preludes and fugues of Sebastian Bach. The recollection of a fugue implies that of the entire movement of its parts, and its difficulty can be appreciated only by experiment. It is a certain test of musical mind. We shall now also become acquainted with some of Madame Henvel's compositions, which are of similar texture to her brother's.

some important poetical new birth. In spite of the license to run wild, order, clearness, and regularity still distinguished the productions of the student, and were the index to the character of his mind. The domestic musical habits of Mendelssohn's family were still more happily disposed to excite his enthusiasm for composition than the approbation and encouragement of his preceptor. Every fortnight, there was a concert at the Mendelssohn's, at which a quartet of good artists performed a variety of classical compositions, and together with them the last new symphony of 'Felix.' What an advantage this! Surely the music of young composer was never before nursed in such softness and delight, amidst such kind family sympathy and so much encouragement from musicians. By the time he reached twenty, he was not only the greatest player of the day, but the character of his compositions entitled him to occupy that place in the interest of the public which Beethoven and Weber had not long resigned. Before his first published works, two pianoforte quartets, had reached us, his name and promise were familiar in England through the medium of foreign musical journals, and the connexions of the British embassy at Berlin. His first English associations were, probably, formed at the parties of Mrs. Austin, then resident in that city; and when he arrived in this country (in 1829), to verify the prepossessions of his admirers, he still lived in great intimacy with her family.

But there wanted no protection for such prodigious powers as Mendelssohn exhibited at twenty years of age, when his first symphony was introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts. He was received with open arms; and though the highest art here is rarely much regarded in the highest society, he, in the end, recommended himself peculiarly to royal favor. The effect of his first appearance in England was strongly assisted by circumstances. Weber's overtures and Beethoven's symphonies were then first making their true impression at the Philharmonic, and the public, in a transport of enthusiasm, were just awakening to a due sense of the loss of those masters, when the youth stepped forward who was to wield the mighty implements of their art. Still, it was not merely by his early and profound mastery of the mechanism and poetry of composition that Mendelssohn made such rapid progress in the affections of the English; his extraordinary personal endowments, in which fine playing, an intuitive kind of musical leading, a vast memory, which embraced the details as well as the broad features of a score, and a fine talent of improvisation were conspicuous, altogether realized an idea of genius which we do not readily concede to an occasional composer

and conductor of an orchestra. Here was a young man who honored his place in the orchestra by what he could do out of it; he not merely beat time with a stick for others to play, but played himself, challenging every kind of musical difficulty, and coming off constantly victorious. Wherever he was, he created that atmosphere of wonder and excitement in which the musician delights. If he was to play on the organ, to make a cadence to a concerto on the pianoforte, or even about to rehearse an overture or symphony, every one was on tiptoe for some characteristic and delightful trait. From public life he was followed into private, with a kind of devotion; his obliging disposition, his polished and agreeable manners, and the stores of his reading, rendering his conversation second only in interest to his music. In poetry he was so well versed, that scarcely a quotation could be made unfamiliar to him, in its fullest force of word or phrase; his drawings, also, were those of a distinguished amateur. Sympathies like these, with the whole circle of the fine arts, qualified him in a remarkable manner for general society; and Mendelssohn is, perhaps, the first eminently gifted musician whose conversation and intimacy have been sought purely for their own charm alone. It was a compliment frequently paid to the social capacity of Mendelssohn to have him without music.

During the present century, the lives of great artists have been less recluse than formerly. The known amiable dispositions of Weber and Spohr have proved a most favorable illustration of their works, and personal esteem for the composers has much assisted their progress, and promoted their effect. At what precise time Mendelssohn committed his fortunes to the art, and turned from his amateur position into a profession for which he was not originally designed, we forget; but, notwithstanding the public and private advantages of his auspicious commencement, he was never tempted to abuse them. Profitable speculation had no charms for him, compared with fidelity to art. The art was ever uppermost; and whatever subject was proposed to him for music was obliged to interest his imagination. He cautiously even then produced his works in public, and desired to review and correct them, when time had given them some appearance of novelty even to himself. Thus the *Walpurgis Nacht*, that gloomy and poetical Druidical picture, though only performed in London two or three seasons ago, was a product of his intimacy with Goethe, and of the suggestion of the poet. It is a very early item in his musical catalogue.

Like Mozart, he completed entire compositions in his mind, and often alluded to them as finished

while yet no note was on paper. He was wont to regulate the march of his productions in regard to variety and quality: now a more familiar, now a more difficult work, announced his presence in the musical world. He thus maintained public interest and expectation through the various aspects of his genius, and advanced by the steps of fame well calculated and assured. He exercised severe criticism on his own productions, and often replaced entire movements.

The genius which Mendelssohn displayed in instrumental composition was characterized by strong individuality. His third symphony in A minor seems to open the true era of his strength in that department. The fine *adagio* of this work is a great achievement, Mendelssohn succeeding better in light and piquant fancies than in profound, sustained, and original melody. The *scherzas* of his works in general are so excellent as to be quite prominent in modern art; his *allegros* come next in interest, and his slow movements last. His *ottetto* for stringed instruments is one of his most beautiful compositions; he has never written a larger or more impassioned *allegro* than the opening one to this. His third pianoforte quartet, in B minor, is one of the best of his production for the pianoforte and stringed-instruments, and greatly surpasses in interest his trios and sonatas for the piano and violoncello. The defect of his chamber-music is some tincture of monotony in the melodies and effects; it is surprising that so fertile an extemporizer did not exhibit more variety in the decorative bravura passages incidental to piano-forte music. The "Songs without words," which he used to play so beautifully, retain still their charm of individuality and style. In every thing he succeeded best where he himself struck out the path.

His cantata and sacred music has still been but imperfectly heard: we have had large, but not select, orchestras employed on these works; and the effect of the chorus from *St. Paul*, "Happy and Blest," accompanied by the Philharmonic orchestra, realized the freshness of a first impression. The same novelty of effect may be anticipated from the delightful choruses in *Antigone*, when we hear them with the proper singers and a great orchestra. His power of painting dramatic situation, according to the moving pictures of life with which we are conversant in opera-books, may be doubted. *The Marriage of Camacho* had no great success, and the romantic modern drama appears to have possessed few charms for him. Mendelssohn's was of an epic turn; he described passions and events in the mass, and under the influence of the past, with great truth; but this failed him in the mere conventional situations of the drama. He made few dramatic efforts, probably because

among his other studies he had not omitted himself. Where natural impulse did not carry him, he cared not to go.

As a composer of oratorios, he was possessed by the noblest ambition. In *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, he exhibits the broad massive style of Handel and Bach; he boldly enters the same arena, and adopts the same diatonic simplicity in its succession of fugues and choral introductions, taking only due advantage of the progress of the instrumental art. Here was his great superiority. In discriminating the voices and tones of instruments, he had the greatest ability; and his orchestration, on the whole, may be considered as the latest model of the perfection of the art. His songs and miscellaneous compositions would carry us too far to notice. Mendelssohn's genius can only be appreciated by reference to that of the greatest masters; the intellectual character of his music was first-rate; but, in the sensuousness and voluptuousness of mere melody, it was deficient. If he fell short of the greatest aim, he fell nobly. No man was ever more powerfully imbued with the spirit of the artist: he lived "apart" amidst great designs and resolutions: nothing base approached his soul.

It is now some eighteen years since we began to watch for the periodical return of Mendelssohn to London, like that of the flowers in spring. He is inseparably associated with our last recollections of the festival of "the Sons of the Clergy," as it is used to be kept. The late organist, Mr. Attwood, who loved him as a son, always expected him at the organ for the last voluntary; and the musicians present, each anxious to obtain a view of him, used to form themselves into a thick cloud above his head. One of his first exhibitions was the conversion of a phrase from the first chorus of the Dettingen *Te Deum*, and another from the *Hallelujah Chorus*, into a double fugue. This, by some musicians, was thought to be premeditated; but it was not so in fact. He knew every thing in music, and his contrapuntal mind taught him instantly what would go together. Arriving late at a concert, where he has been expected to play extempore, he would take a bill from his pocket, with the words, "Let me see, what have they been doing?" and then would combine in his fantasia something that had been done with what he had just heard. This was the readiness of his science and practical skill. Then for his memory,—he would go through whole volumes of Beethoven and Bach. Not only that with which early practice had imbued him had he in present command, but whatever novelty of merit he was at the pains to study remained as if stamped in his mind. The world is, in general, very glad to take the intellectual measure of a

favorite: but Mendelssohn withstood all the trials to which he was exposed, and the limit of his extempore capacity was never ascertained. In his cadences to pianoforte concertos he never repeated himself, and whenever he rehearsed them (as is sometimes necessary in the music of Beethoven), he did it with fun, showing himself perfectly at ease with respect to execution and invention. Mr. Lucas will, probably, remember the difficulty he had in bringing in the band in the right place, when Mendelssohn first rehearsed Beethoven's Concerto in G. These are pleasant memories of the master. Then, for good music, he was always so impassioned, that his brilliant example, could it have lasted, would, in the end, have moved the whole musical world. How much he did for Bach! How many of that master's MSS. pedal fugues, &c. were first played by him from memory! and how often he declared, by word and deed, that he knew no such composer!

Let success have been heaped upon Mendelssohn in what measure it may, we still owe him our love for the unselfish love which he lavished on the art. We have only to add a few

circumstances of his life since he left us. At the close of the season he appeared in his usual health, and passed into Switzerland for the summer. Here the news of his sister's sudden death deeply affected him. She was with a party rehearsing his *Walpurgis Nacht*, when she was seized with what appeared to be a fainting fit, but it proved to be paralysis of the brain, and carried her off in three days. The mother of Mendelssohn had died of a similar attack, and it strongly appeared to him that, in these events, his own doom was foretold. He did not conceal that he apprehended a similar termination to his own life, and, in spite of all friendly dissuasions from the encouragement of such a train of thought, his prophecy was literally fulfilled. He departed like his sister, and in the same manner, being seized with illness while he was accompanying a lady in a song he had just composed. From his first attack he partially recovered, and was able to take a drive; but a relapse occurred. He lay for a whole day in a state of insensibility, and in this manner the great and rising genius of the age breathed his last. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

Briefe aus Indien von Dr. W. Hoffmeister.
Braunschweig, 1847. (Letters from India,
by Dr. W. Hoffmeister, Physician in the
Suite of Prince Waldemar of Prussia.
Compiled from his letters and Journals,
by Dr. A. Hoffmeister.)

Every one who attentively peruses these letters, which their writer sent from distant countries to his friends at home, will experience mingled feelings of pleasure and grief;—of pleasure at the vivid representations of new objects, at the lucid descriptions of new scenes, with which the narrator is constantly becoming acquainted; at the unwearied perseverance with which he overcomes all difficulties and encounters all dangers; at the freshness and liveliness with which he depicts all the events in which he bore a part;—of sincere grief on the other hand when he remembers that this young man, gifted with extraordinary talents and apparently destined to render important services in the cause of science, in full vigor of youth and freshness of life was suddenly by a chance shot hurried away from the scene of his action and promising career. And thus W. Hoffmeister, whose scientific pursuits had already attracted

the favorable notice of the learned, has left behind him nothing but scattered leaves, which however are the more interesting because the sketches, though hastily made, bear the marks of a sure and experienced hand, and give a vivid representation of the scenes through which he passed, and which he desired to communicate to his friends at home. It leads us moreover to places which are but seldom visited by travellers, and least of all by Germans, and that under circumstances which would be quite impossible to private tourists. It is true that we have only detached letters, which were not intended for publication; but the chasms have been filled up from the writer's journal, or short letters have been joined together and arranged in chronological order." A short preface by Professor Ritter conveys some particulars respecting the brief life of the author. Born at Brunswick in the year 1819, he distinguished himself at an early age as a zealous student of natural history, and was selected to fill the post of physician and companion to Prince Waldemar of Prussia.

The first letter, dated September 21, 1844, describes the voyage from Trieste to Athens, Corfu, Patras, and Corinth, and gives some pleasing particulars of the domestic life of the

Greeks. They had, he says, been universally described as thieves and robbers, but they appeared to him to be "joyous, good-humoured, kind-hearted people." The second letter transports us into the middle of Egypt, to Cairo, which they had reached by way of Syra, Alexandria and the Nile. We must omit the various incidents of travel, resembling those which other travellers have experienced, but narrated in a pleasing manner. "Cairo numbers now scarcely 150,000 inhabitants, instead of its former 800,000;" they visited as many of the two hundred yet remaining mosques, as the well known intolerance of the Moslems permitted. An audience which the Viceroy granted to them offered no peculiar interest. A visit to the pyramids of Gizeh, the Sphinx, the mighty ruins of the ancient Memphis, the royal tombs, in all of which travelling amateurs have made terrible havoc, and an excursion to Heliopolis, appear to have made no very deep impression upon the author. In the hotels of the desert, which have been erected by an English Transit company, the charges appear to have been exorbitant;—a guinea and a half for coffee and eggs! Suez is described as a dirty hole, Aden as a burnt-out crater.

With the third letter commences the real interest of the book. The travellers were now breathing the aromatic breezes of the spice island, Ceylon, "where the magnificence of India is united with all the symptoms of comfort and content, and where no sad face is to be seen." Everywhere is visible the rich exuberance of a tropical nature, the trees in the dark night illuminated by countless swarms of luminous beetles, and the whole enlivened by a concert of grasshoppers and crickets of various kinds. The sketches of nature which this book offers rival in originality those which relate to the inhabitants. The natives appear not to have been able to comprehend "the simplicity of a German prince," who was everywhere subjected to ceremonious festivities. Thus they travelled through the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, visited Colombo, and Candy the capital of the old Singhalis. The country is so populous that for miles and miles one dwelling touches another. The English governor resides in the palace of the former kings, and a table full of nicknacks was standing where for five hundred years the "godlike king of Candy" had sat upon his golden throne. We refer the reader to the very valuable information contained in this and the following letter; the subjects are a temple which contains a relic of the true Buddha; a voyage into the interior, to a sanitary station for the British troops, where the temperature in the morning was only ten degrees; the in-

credible rapidity of vegetation, which buries villages and rice fields in a thick jungle; elephants and the dangerous method of hunting them; and the wild natives, who know of no religion, and obey no law. Thence they visit the celebrated Adam's-peak, which thousands of Mahometans and Buddhists ascend with infinite labor and at a great expense, but which did not, as was anticipated, afford a very fine prospect. At a short distance from the town of Ratnapura is a "fishery for precious stones," where rubies and topases, and sometimes good sapphires are obtained.

The English war-steamer, the *Spiteful*, transported them from Ceylon to the island of Trincomalee, and thence to the "wonderful city" of Madras. Here they remained but a few days, and after a visit to the temple of Mamalaipoor, which is hewn in the solid rock, they proceeded to Calcutta, and reached that city on the third of January, 1845.

On their journey thence to Patna, they visited the temple of Vishnoopadda, the largest in India; it is equal to a village in extent, and is served by priests whose faces presented an appearance of extraordinary depravity and ignorance. "It is heartrending to see ragged women, with half-starved children in their arms, bringing their last dish of rice as an offering to the temple, and inconceivable that the English suffer this abuse to continue." Two thousand priests with their families are here supported by the gifts of pilgrims. Patna has 52,000 houses, and 300,000 inhabitants, and is very largely engaged in the manufacture of opium, of which 13,000,000 pounds are here annually prepared for the Chinese market.

The sixth letter is dated from Kathmandoo, the beautiful capital of Nepaul, which for a long time had not been visited by any European. The journey through dense forests, the meetings with numerous Fakeers, the lovely valley of the Rapti, the pass of the Siswagorri at an elevation of 6000 feet, the reception at court, where, in spite of extreme magnificence, the rajah and his father looked like rascals, a great hunting excursion, and the scenery of the Himalaya mountains, afford materials for many original and interesting observations. Their route is thence directed towards Delhi. Benares, the most beautiful of the cities of India, Allahabad, and Lachno, lie in their road, and are described with great minuteness. The rajah of the latter place was very hospitable and ceremonious; and visits to beautiful mosques, magnificent tombs, splendid, but not tasteful, gardens and palaces, "in which there are dozens of statues in every corner," are followed by dinners "at which all the dishes are spoiled by a superabundance of

fat, spices, and dyes," hunting parties and other festivities. At Agra, which they reached on the fifth of April, the thermometer stood at thirty-five degrees (Reaumur); and yet there were balls taking place here! They paid a very interesting visit to the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, and on the 26 April reached Delhi, the ancient residence of the Great-Mogul. The neighbourhood of the city is a complete wilderness covered with the ruins of former magnificence, but still possessing monuments which are as interesting as the pyramids, and of very great antiquity.

But the most valuable part of the work is contained in the next letters, which describe the journey to the boundaries of Thibet, and their residence in that cool mountainous region. They first reach the chain of Gagher, inhabited by legions of monkeys, but also by tigers, which even on the borders of the snow are as dangerous as in the torrid plains. The foaming mountain-streams can only be crossed on rope-bridges, and thus they passed the Mundagree, and reached the sacred springs of Gaurikund, where a great number of pilgrims were bathing; the heat in the meanwhile had risen to forty-one degrees. Yet more celebrated is the temple Kedernath, where Vishnoo is buried; it lies 11,800 feet above the level of the sea, and the temperature was only five degrees. Thus the travellers penetrate into the recesses of the mountains, and the Rajah of Ghurwal expresses a fear lest the prince should be followed by an army to lay waste and destroy the country. The dangers of their journey are multiplied as they draw near to the falls of the Ganges, which there is scarcely twenty feet wide; they soon reach the frontier of Thibet, but "intrigues" delay the further prosecution of their journey, and at last compel them to take another road. Few travellers have endured such hardships as now fell to their lot. During thick fogs, rain, and frost, they had to make their way over naked and slippery rocks, or over rolling stones and blocks of granite, until they had attained an elevation of 15,000 feet, and then to descend over precipices of snow and ice, in which they had first to cut steps with the axe, in order to reach the valley of the Sutley. The English sanitary station at Simlah offered a very welcome haven of rest. The villages built in the crevices of these mountains are said to resemble swallows' nests; the inhabitants are Llama-worshippers, and clay vases of peculiar form were observed to be set up as objects of worship in many places, but the exact meaning of these could not be ascertained. The mountains of Purgeul on the Chinese frontier presented a splendid Alpine panorama, but a nearer approach showed only bare and broken rocks covered with snow.

Lipay was a very animated place, of original appearance; there was here a Llama temple with a gilded idol, whose priest though he prayed unceasingly did not display the least degree of devotion.

In the twelfth letter is described the entrance into Chinese territory; the inhabitants, though forbidden to supply the strangers with food under the penalty of being ripped up, brought them abundance of milk and apricots; two native physicians also came but they were all distinguished by avarice and ugliness and but ill repaid the travellers for the laborious journey which had been undertaken on their account. On the 30th of August they reached the residence of two German missionaries at Kotghoor, where they have established a large school for the Hindoos.

Here terminates the mountain tour, and they returned to Simlah, where festivities took place in honor of the Prince. The thirteenth letter describes the campaign against the Sikhs, but only briefly; for within a few days the brave and active physician received his death-wound at Ferozeshah at the side of the prince, who volunteered to take part in that hard-fought battle. On the previous day he had concluded a letter with these words: "tomorrow the army is to advance and I am confident of success; may we soon meet again."

There is an appendix which shows how much we have lost by the death of Dr. Hoffmeister. From Simlah he wrote to Humboldt on the geographical distribution of the coniferæ on the Himalaya mountains, and reports eleven or twelve species which flourished at an elevation of 12,000 feet. We find also remarks on the vegetation and on the birds of the Himalaya mountains, and tables of the temperature at different heights, and lastly seven maps which indicate the courses of the mountain-streams among which this novel and interesting journey was made.—*Leipziger Repertorium*.

DR. CHALMERS.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows:—"Phrenology is rather at fault regarding Dr. Chalmers. From the largeness of his head externally and the peculiarity of his mental temperament, the leading craniologists have long spoken of him as of necessity possessing a large brain; but the *post mortem* inspection of the encephalon has disabused this idea. Thus, the weight of brain in Dupuytren was 64 oz., in Cuvier 63, in Abercrombie 63, in Chalmers 53—the average weight in persons from fifty to sixty years of age being 50 oz. 2 drachms."—*Athenæum*.

HISTORY AND OBJECT OF JEWELLERY.

The History and Object of Jewellery. By John Jones.

If treated in due form and order here is a subject which would afford scope for the voluminous labors of a James in place of such a curt book as Mr. John Jones has devoted to it. To indicate a few of the obvious lights in which it might be set:—There is the currency Question; with all its manifold ramifications and civilizations since the primitive days when Peace could be ratified by the present of a "great balas ruby" and a famine stayed by a loan upon a carkanet! Then, the History of Bribery, largely embracing the philosophy of Political Conscience, would offer not a few richly instructive chapters. Subservient to these in moral importance would come the chronicle of such showy matters as Royal Progresses, Princely Bridals, &c., &c.,—in which crowns, sceptres, and necklaces have always played brilliant parts. Nor should the historian overlook the employment of jewels in Medicine and in Magic:—the last (by poetical licence) bringing him within the domain of Beauty's sieges, "stratagems and spoils." In short, it would not require the assumptions or exaggerations of a Munchausen to prove that the great world (no inconsiderable portion of "the great globe itself") would have gone on till the present time tamely and lamely, without Jewellery!

Here we have a few of the above topics even touched upon. But Mr. John Jones manages to set many "sparks" of information and entertainment within the compass of his threescore and ten pages. First: the ignorant wearer of rings, "owches," and bracelets may learn that "jewellery derives its name from the Hindoostanee '*jouhur*,' a gem—and is of Oriental origin." So that Hunt and Roskell,—Kitching and Abud,—M. Herz, with his ingenious Egyptian counterfeits,—the curiosity merchant, Herr Piklert (?) of Eüath, near Nurember,—&c., &c., &c., all take style and title from "an allegory on the banks of the Nile." We read, further, that the Egyptian scarabæi and other ornaments in gold and blue earthenware were "emblems of spiritual principles or charms against evil;"—that the brooch of Pharaoh's daughter was no trifle; the head-tire of the wife of Sesostris not an affair of mere chance and fantasy.—

"The sphynx, being the compound of human intelligence and the lion's strength, was the emblem of royalty, it is presumed that its use was

limited to the royal jewels. Lions' heads were objects of honor, for the flood of the Nile was at the full when the sun was in Leo. * * The signs of the zodiac, referring to the agricultural events of the year, formed a collection of popular symbols. A star would suggest astronomical movements, and is the leading idea in the formation of almost all flowers: Cowley calls them 'stars of the earth:' precious stones were generally disposed into stars. If ornamental form, for its own sake, were at all admired, it was chiefly in geometric figures, a taste cultivated by the physical necessities of the country; yet, even here, the symbolic association was not forgotten; the square for strength, the circle for eternity, and so forth."

Who knows, then, to give a moment's play to fanciful speculation, of how many things besides their mere gold and precious stones the Israelites, when breaking from their captivity, may have spoiled the Egyptians!

The Greeks (still to bear company with Mr. Jones) showed less wealth and less mysticism than the Egyptians in the matter of gold and precious stones, but more skill. The Artist rose as the Priest waned on the horizon of the jeweller's shop. Engraved rings, in which the device or posy counted for as much as the ornament, "came up:"—and hence the Jewel, by becoming a document and a token, gained a new and precious significance.—

"It is through an engraving on an emerald that we have the likeness of the founder of our religion; it was taken by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and became deposited in the treasury of Constantinople, whence it was given by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent VIIIth as a ransom for his brother, then a prisoner to the Christians. Not only have gem engravings been useful in determining facts of history or biography, but they have formed the school in which modern genius has been trained. Raphael is known to have been indebted to them for many graces of figure and expression which animate his productions. . . . The oval form, as being that which bounds the range of vision, was used as the field on which their engravings were cut."

Under the Romans, brute jewels, so to speak, returned to favor—being used by them, it would seem, more sensually and in more lavish profusion than they had been by Egyptian or Greek. The wanton disrespect of every thing but their nominal value reached its acme in Cleopatra's far-famed draught. From the origin of Antony's "wrangling queen" one might have expected greater reverence for her trinkets; but as a prosaic writer of the *Fordyce* school once expressed

himself with regard to her, — "Who, after all, went such lengths as she?" We leave Mr. Jones to tell what use the Saracen and the Goth made of the *Casket* of precious stones: also, how these were restored to something like their old mystical importance in the early days of the Christian Church — when significance and symbol played so large a part in its influences over popular imagination. In this, as in many other matters, the traditions of the East were more strictly retained than it would at all suit the Mediævalists to allow. —

"The following are some of the virtues attributed to stones, as borrowed from a Persian manuscript, translated by Raja Kalikishen, in the *East Indian Magazine*, in which the similarity between the virtues of the stones, and the ideas which they originally represented, will even now be traced. —

"Diamond preserves from lightning, cures madness and vain fears.

"Ruby purifies the blood, quenches thirst, dispels melancholy, insures honor and competence.

"The Emerald averts bad dreams, gives courage, cures palsy.

"The Turquoise, in its Persian name, 'Aber Is'hagi, 'Father of Isaac,' contains reference to a mental principle, particularly valuable, since at Nishapur, in Khorasan, is the only known turquoise mine in the world. It brightens the eyes, and is a remedy for the bites of venomous animals.

"And in other traditions it is maintained, that —

"Pearls refresh the spirits and obviate passions.

"Sapphire preserves from enchantments.

"Chrysoprase will make one out of love with gold.

"Agates preserve from tempests.

"Amethyst prevents inebriation.

"Corals change color with the mind of the wearer."

Coming nearer our own times, the history of Jewellery expands over a surface so wide, that to touch a point in one quarter or mention a fact in another would serve us little better than it would serve our musical critic to cite an insulated note from Meyerbeer's scores by way of illustrating the master's style. Mr. Jones rambles pleasantly from the Anglo-Saxon period to the times of the Medici, — thence, by way of Sir Paul Pindar's "pendant diamond cut faucit-wise" purchased by King Charles the Martyr, to the treasury of Messrs. Rundell & Bridge on Ludgate-hill, the splendor of which has thrown so many a country visitor into strange confusion, — making him feel himself a Cogia Hassan *redivivus* in a valley of diamonds, though all the while within hearing of Bow Bell! — In short, this little book is full of suggestions and glimpses of information: and we have trifled with it fan-

tastically rather than characterized it succinctly, for the purpose of convincing any one capable of treating the subject anecdotically and in a larger compass, how pleasant a companion to the general reader (not liable, it must be premised, to covetous hankerings after the Monte Christo emerald or the Pigot diamond,) a 'History of Jewellery' might be made. — *Athenæum*.

SARAH MARTIN. — An article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* has had the effect of directing attention to the philanthropic labors of Sarah Martin, — a poor sempstress of Yarmouth in Norfolk, who devoted her life to the instruction and reformation of the prisoners in Yarmouth Gaol. It is proposed to record the services of this energetic and benevolent woman by the erection, in the parish church of Yarmouth, of a memorial window, to be called "The Martin Window." A subscription has been opened, — to which the Bishop of Norwich, Mr. Dawson Turner, and other gentlemen are contributors, — and of which Mr. Baron Alderson, and the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the minister of the parish, are the treasurers.

KICKING DOWN THE LADDER. — We copy the following statistics from a French paper, for the benefit of the happy Historian who may have to write the Life of *Louis-Philippe*: —

Since the Revolution of July,

1. There have been 1129 prosecutions against the press.

2. There have been 57 newspapers suppressed.

3. There have been 7,110,500 francs drawn, in the shape of fines, from editors and proprietors of journals.

This is not bad for a King who was carried to the throne on the shoulders of the very men he has since thrown down, and lifted into his present position by the very papers he has since crushed. The Charte may be a "*vérité*," but then it is a Truth, which keeps itself very private at the bottom of the Puits de Grenelle, for there is not the smallest taste of it to be had at the Tuileries, for love or money — not for love, at all events. What a noble epitaph the above statistics would make! They would read admirably, just after the words "universally regretted." — *Punch*.

A RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION. — It is often said that there is no rule without an exception; but there is one rule to which I never knew an exception. I never knew a respectable person that did not behave with decency in a place of public worship.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON; OR THE "COMING MAN."

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

American literature has been long a "mountain in labor," and might have been expected to bring forth either a mouse or a monster. Many will deem the mouse amply typified by the numerous small poets and essayists who abound in that country; and some will see the monster in the strange, eccentric, and untameable son of the wilderness before us. It is not, however, in this light that we regard Emerson. We look on him as a genuine man, whose mistakes as well as merits unite in stamping on his character the ineffaceable marks of sincerity, dignified simplicity and independence, as well as of a peculiar and powerful genius.

Elsewhere we have spoken shortly, but sincerely, of Emerson, and even at the risk of egotism, we must say, that we have been not a little amused at the treatment which our remarks have met with from the press of America. So far as we can judge from periodicals and newspapers, from Baltimore to Boston, a cry of universal reprobation has assailed that article. It has fallen between two stools—on the one hand, Emerson's detractors are furious with us, for placing him at the head of American literature, and so far they are right—though a most national writer, to American literature he does not belong. He is among them, but not of them—a separate state, which no Texas negotiation will ever be able to annex to their territory. On the other hand, the school of Transcendentalists contend that we do him less than justice, that our lines are unable to measure or to hold this leviathan; and the opinion of one American author to this effect, deeply humiliated us, till accidentally falling in with her own criticisms, and finding that, among other judgments of the same kind, she preferred Southey, as a poet, to Shelley, we were not a little comforted, and began to think that, perhaps, we had as good a right to think and speak about Emerson as herself. "Verily, a prophet hath honor, save in his own country, and among those of his own house"—an expression containing much more truth than it at first seems to imply; for, indeed, the honor given in one's own country is often as worthless as the neglect or abuse; and, notwithstanding the well-known French adage, the vilest and commonest of hero-worship is that of valets and parasites, who measure their idol by the standard of his superiority to their own littleness. Hero-worship, however, even in its worst form, is preferable to that spirit of jealousy

which pervades much of the American press in reference to Emerson, which, at the mention of his name, elicits in each journal a long list of illustrious-obscure, (like a shower of bats from the roof of a barn on the entrance of a light,) in its judgment superior to him—as though a Cockney, insulted by a panegyric on Carlyle, as one of the principal literary ornaments of London, were to produce and parade the name of the subordinate scribblers in the *Satirist*, *Literary Gazette*, &c., as the genuine galaxy of her mental firmament. With occasional exceptions, the great general rule is—how does a name sound afar?—does it return upon us from the horizon?—what impression does it make upon those who, unprejudiced either for or against the author personally—uncircumscribed by clique or coterie—unaltered by adverse, unsoftened by favorable criticism, have fairly brought his works to the test of their own true-feeling and true-telling souls?

This has been eminently the case with Emerson. To him Britain is beginning to requite the justice which America, to her honor, first awarded to Carlyle. Sincere spirits, in every part of the country, who have, many of them, no sympathy with Emerson's surmised opinions, delight, nevertheless, to do him honor, as an earnest, honest, and gifted man, caught, indeed, and struggling in a most alien element, standing almost alone in a mechanical country, and teaching spiritual truth to those to whom Mammon—not Moses—has become the lawgiver, and Cant—not Christ—the God, but as yet faithful to the mission with which he deems himself to be fraught.

Alike careless and fearless of the judgment which may be passed by any party here or in America, on our opinions, we propose now to extend our former estimate of Emerson—an estimate which has at once been strengthened and modified by the volume of poems he has recently issued.

And first of his little volume of poems. They are not wholes, but extracts, from the volume of his mind. They are, as he truly calls some of them, "Woodnotes," as beautiful, changeful, capricious, and unfathomable often, as the song of the birds. On hearing such notes we sometimes ask ourselves, "What says that song which has lapped us in such delicious reverie, and made us almost forget the music in the sweet thoughts which are suggested by it?"

Vain the question, for is not the suggestion of such sweet thoughts saying enough, saying all that it was needed to say? It is the bird that speaks—our own soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of the poems of Emerson. They mean absolutely nothing—they are mere nonsense-verses—except to those who have learned their cypher, and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is often a wordless music—a wild wailing rhythm—a sound inexplicable but no more absurd or meaningless than the note of the flute or the thrill of the mountain bagpipe. Who would, or who, though willing, could translate into common, into *all* language, that train of thought and emotion, long as the life of the soul, and wide as the curve of the sphere, which one inarticulate melody can awaken in the mind? So some of Emerson's verses float us away, listening and lost, on their stream of sound, and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, "as far as the incommunicable," he leads us into the same mystic region, and we feel, that even in Nature there are things unutterable, which it is not possible for the tongue of man to utter, and which yet are real as the earth and the heavens. Coleridge remarks, that wherever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm, and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. Mere no-meaning will not wed with sweet sound. We do not profess to be in the secret of some of the more mystic poems in this volume, such as 'Uriel' and the 'Sphinx.' Nor can we think that there is much *room* behind the mystic screen—where the poet stands—between his song and the 'Oversoul;' but we are ready to apply the old Socratic rule in his behalf—what we understand is excellent, what we do not understand is likely to be excellent too.

A man is often better than his theory, however good and comparatively true that theory be; and this holds especially true of a poet's creed, which, however dry, hard, and abstract, flushes into beauty at his touch, even as the poet's cottage has charms about it, which are concealed from the vulgar eye; and the poet's bride is often by him prodigally clothed with beauties which niggard nature had denied her. What Mr. Emerson's creed is, we honestly say we do not know—that all we can confidently assert concerning it is, that you cannot gather it like apples into baskets, nor grind it like corn into provender, nor wind and unwind it like a hank of yarn, nor even collect it like sunlight into a focus, and analyse it into prismatic points, whether five or seven—nor inclose it within all the vocabularies of all vernacular tongues; and yet that it is not so bad or unholy, but that in

his mind, Beauty pitches her tents around its borders, and Wonder looks up toward it with wrapt eye, and Song tunes sweet melodies in its praise, and Love, like the arms of a child seeking to span a giant oak, seeks to draw into her embrace its immeasurable vastness. It is such a creed as a man might form and subscribe in a dream, and when he awoke receive a gentle shrift from wise and gentle confessors. Why criticise or condemn the long nocturnal reverie of a poetic mind, seeking to impose its soft fantasy upon the solid and stupendous universe! We will pass it by in silence, simply retorting the smile with which he regards our sterner theories, as we watch him weaving his network of cobweb around the limbs of the 'Sphinx,' and deeming that he has her fast.

This, indeed, is the great fault of Emerson. He has a penchant for framing brain-webs of all sorts and sizes; and because they hang beautifully in the sunbeam, and wave gracefully in the breeze, and are to his eye peopled with a fairy race, he deems them worthy of all acceptance, and we verily believe would mount the scaffold, if requisite, for the wildest day-dream that ever crossed his soul among the woods. It was for visions as palpable as the sun that the ancient prophets sacrificed or perilled their lives. It was for facts of which their own eyes and ears were cognizant that the apostles of the Lamb loved not their lives unto the death. It was not till this age that 'Cloudland,' nay, dreamland—dimmer still—have sent forth their missionary to testify, with wrapt look, and face inflamed, and surging eloquence, his belief in the shadows of his own thoughts.

Emerson, coming down among men from his mystic altitudes, reminds us irresistibly at times of Rip Van Winkle, with his gray beard and rusty firelock, descending the Catskill mountains, from his sleep of a hundred years. A dim, sleepy atmosphere hangs around him. All things have an unreal appearance. Men seem like trees walking. Of his own identity, he is by no means certain. As in the 'Taming of the Shrew,' the sun and the moon seem to have interchanged places; and yet, arrived at his native village, he (not exactly like honest Rip) sets up a grocer's shop, and sells, not the mystic draught of the mountain, but often the merest commonplace preparations of an antiquated morality.

In fact, nothing is more astounding about this writer than the mingled originality and triteness of his matter. Now he speaks as if from inmost communion with the soul of being; Nature seems relieved of a deep burden which had long lain on her bosom, when some of his oracular words are uttered; and now it is as if the throat of the thunder had announced the rule of three—as if

the old silence had been broken, to enunciate some truism which every schoolboy had long ago recorded in his copy-book. The 'Essay on Compensation,' for example, proves most triumphantly that vice is its own punishment, and virtue its own reward; but, so far as it seeks to show that vice is its own *only* punishment, and virtue its own *only* reward, it signally fails. The truth, indeed, is this—vice does punish, and terribly punish, its victims, but who is to punish vice? How is it to be gibbeted for the warning of the moral universe? Can a mere under-current of present punishment be sufficient for this, if there be such a thing as a great general commonwealth in the universe at all? Must it not receive, as the voluntary act of responsible agents, some public and final rebuke? The compensation which it at present obtains is but comparatively a course of private teaching; and does not the fact, that it is on the whole unsuccessful, create a necessity for a more public, strict, and effectual reckoning and instruction?

Thus, what is true in this celebrated essay, is not new; and what is new, is not true. This is not unfrequently the manner of Mr. Emerson. To an egregious truism he sometimes suddenly appends a paradox as egregious. Like a stolid or a sly servant at the door of a drawing-room, he calls out the names of an old respected guest, and of an intruding and presumptuous charlatan, so quickly and so close together, that they appear to the company to enter as a friendly pair. Of intentional deception on such matters, we cheerfully and at once acquit him; but to his eye, emerging from the strange, dreamy, abnormal regions in which he has dwelt so long, old things appear new, and things new to very crudity appear stamped with the authority, and covered with the hoary grandeur of age.

Emerson's object of worship has been by many called nature—it is, in reality, man; but by man, in his dark ambiguities and inconsistencies, repelled, he has turned round and sought to see his face exhibited in the reflector of nature. It is man whom he seeks everywhere in the creation. In pursuit of an ideal of man, he runs up the midnight winds of the forest and questions every star of the sky. To gain some authentic tidings of man's origin—his nature—past and future history—he listens with patient ear to the songs of birds—the wail of torrents—as if each smallest surge of air were whispering, could he but catch the meaning, about man. He feels that every enigma runs into the great enigma—what is man? and that if he could but unlock his own heart, the key of the universe were found. Perhaps nature, in some benignant or unguarded hour, will tell him where that key was lost! At all events, he will persist in be-

lieving that the creation is a vast symbol of man; that every tree and blade of grass is somehow cognate with his nature, and significant of his destiny; and that the remotest stars are only the distant perspective of that picture of which he is the central figure.

It is this which so beautifies nature to his eye—that gives him more than an organic or associated pleasure in its forms—and renders it to him, not so much an object of love or of admiration, as of ardent study. To many, nature is but the face of a great doll—a well-painted insipidity; to Emerson, it has sculptured on it an unknown but mighty language, which he hopes yet to decipher. Could he but understand its alphabet!—could he but accurately spell out one of its glorious syllables! In the light of that flashing syllable, he would appear to himself discovered, explained; and thus, once for all, would be read the riddle of the world!

This, too, prevents his intercourse with nature from becoming either tedious or melancholy. Nature, to most, is a gloomy companion. Sometimes they are tired of it—more frequently they are terrified. "What does all this mean? what would all this teach us? what would those frowning schoolmasters of mountains have us to do, or learn?" are questions which, though not presented in form, are felt in reality, and which clear, as by a whip of small cords, the desecrated temple of nature. A few, indeed, are still left standing in the midst, alone! And among those few is Emerson, who is reconciled to remain, chiefly through the hope and the desire of attaining one day more perfect knowledge of nature's silent cypher, and more entire communion with nature's secret soul. Like an enthusiastic boy clasping a Homer's Iliad, and saying, "I shall yet be able to understand this," does he seem to say, "Dear are ye to me, Monads and Agiochooks, dear ye Alleghanies and Niagaras, because I yet hope (or at least those may hope who are to follow me) to unfix your clasps of iron—to unroll your sheets of adamant—to deliver the giant truths that are buried and struggling below you—to arrest in human speech the accents of your vague and tumultuous thunder."

As it is, his converse with creation is intimate and endearing. "Passing over a bare common, amid snow puddles, he almost fears to say how glad he is." He seems (particularly in his 'Woodnotes') an inspired tree, his veins full of sap instead of blood; and you take up his volume of poems, clad as it is in green, and smell to it as to a fresh leaf. He is like the shepherd (in Johnson's fine fable) among the Carpathian rocks, who understood the language of the vultures; the sounds—how manifold—of the

American forest say to his purged ear what they say to few others, and what even his language is unable fully to express.

Akin to this passionate love of nature is one main error in Emerson's system. Because nature consoles and satisfies him, he would preach it as a healing influence of universal efficacy. He would send man to the fields and woods to learn instruction and get cured of his many wounds. These are the airy academies which he recommends. But alas! how few can act upon the recommendation! How few entertain a genuine love for nature! Man, through his unhappy wanderings, has been separated, nay, divorced, from what was originally his pure and beautiful bride—the universe. No one feels this more than Emerson, or has mourned it in language more plaintive. But why will he persist in prescribing nature as a panacea to those who, by his own showing, are incapable of apprehending its virtue? They are clamoring for bread, and he would give them rocks and ruins. We hold that between man and nature there is a gulf, which nothing but a vital change upon his character, circumstances, and habits can fill up. Ere applying the medicine you must surely premise the mouth. Man, as a collective being, has little perception of the beauty, and none of the high spiritual meaning of creation. And as well teach the blind religion through the avenue of the eye as teach average man truth or hope, or faith or purity, through a nature, amid which he dwells an alien and an enemy.

On no subject is there so much pretended, and on none so little real feeling, as in reference to the beauties of nature. We do not allude merely to the trash which professed authors, like even Dickens, indite, when, against the grain, it is their cue to fall into raptures with Niagara, or the scenery of the Eternal City, but to the experiences of every-day life. How often have we travelled with parties of pleasure (as they are called) whose faces, after the first burst of animal excitement, produced by fresh air and society, had subsided, it was impossible to contemplate without a mixture of ludicrous and melancholy emotions. Besides, here and there, a young gentleman, with elevated eyebrow, and conceited sidelong, spouting poetry; and a few young ladies looking intensely sentimental during the spoutation; the majority exhibited, so far as pleasure was concerned, an absolute blank—weariness, disgust, insipid disregard, or positive aversion, to all the grander features of the scenery, were the general feelings visible. Still more detestable were their occasional exclamations of forced admiration, nearly as eloquent, but not so sincere, as the enthusiasm of porkers over their provender. And how quickly did a

starveling jest, or a wretched pun, jerk them down from their altitudes to a more congenial region! A *double entendre* told better than the sight of a biforked Grampian. The popping of a cork was finer music than the roar of a cataract. A silly flirtation among the hazel-bushes was far more memorable than the sudden gleam of a blue lake flashing through the umbrage like another morning. And when the day was over, and the party were returning homewards, it was dismal, amid the deepening shadows of earth and the thickening glories of the sky, to witness the jaded looks, the exhausted spirits, the emptied hearts and souls of those vain flutterers about nature, whom the mighty mother had amused herself with tiring and tormenting, instead of unbarring to them her naked loveliness, or hinting to them one of the smallest secrets of her inmost soul. Specimens these of myriads upon myriads of parties of pleasure, which fashion is yearly stranding upon the shores of nature—to them an inhospitable coast—and proofs, that man, as a species, must grow, and perhaps grow for ages, ere he be fit, even “on tiptoe standing,” to be on a level with that “house not made with hands,” of which he is now the unworthy tenant. Surely the beauties of nature are an appliance too refined for the present coarse complaints of degraded humanity, which a fiercer caustic must cure.

Emerson may be denominated emphatically the man of contrasts. At times he is, we have seen, the most commonplace, at other times the most paradoxical of thinkers. So is he at once one of the clearest and one of the most obscure of writers. He is seldom muddy; but either transparent as crystal or utterly opaque. He sprinkles sentences (as divines do scripture quotations) upon his page, which are not only clear, but cast, like glow-worms, a far and fairy light around them. At other times he scatters a shower of paragraphs, which lie, like elf-knots, insulated and insoluble. Hence reading him has the stimulus of a walk amid the interchanging lights and shadows of the woods, or it is like a game of hide-and-seek, somewhat like the unlearned reader of Howe and Baxter when he comes upon their Latin and Greek quotations. You skip or bolt his bits of mysticism, and pass on with greater gusto to the clear and the open. Whether there be degrees in biblical inspiration or not, there are degrees in *his*. Now he rays out light, and now, like a black star, he deluges us with darkness. The explanation of all this lies, we think, here—Emerson has naturally a poetic and practical, not a philosophic or subtle mind; he has subjected himself, however, to philosophic culture, with much care, but with partial success; when he speaks directly from

his own mind, his utterances are vivid to very brilliance; when he speaks from recollection of his teachers, they are exceedingly perplexed and obscure.

He is certainly, apart altogether from his verse, the truest poet America has produced. He has looked immediately, and through no foreign medium, at the poetical elements which he found lying around him. He has "staid at home with the soul," leaving others to gad abroad in search of an artificial and imperfect inspiration. He has said, "if the spirit of poetry chooses to descend upon me as I stand still, it is well; if not, I will not go a step out of my road in search of it; here, on this rugged soil of Massachusetts, I take my stand, baring my brow in the breeze of my own country, and invoking the genius of my own woods." Nor has he invoked it in vain. Words, which are pictures—sounds, which are song—snatches of a deep woodland melody—jubilant raptures in praise of nature, reminding you afar off of those old Hebrew hymns which, paired to the timbrel or the clash of cymbals, rose like the cries of some great victory to heaven—are given to Emerson at his pleasure. His prose is not upon occasion, and elaborately dyed with poetic hues, but wears them ever about it on its way, which is a winged way, not along the earth, but through the high and liquid air. Why should a man like this write verse? Does he think that truth, like sheep, requires a bell round its neck, ere it be permitted to go abroad? Have his thoughts risen irresistibly above the reaches of prose, and voluntarily moved into harmonious numbers? Does he mean to abandon—or could he without remorse—that wondrous prose style of his, combining the sweet simplicity of Addison with the force of Carlyle? Is he impatient to have his verses set to music, and sung in the streets or in the drawing-rooms? Let him be assured that, exquisite as many of his poems are, his other writings are a truer and richer voice, their short and mellow sentences moving to the breath of his spirit as musically as the pinecones to the breeze.

In calling him the truest poet of America, we are not forgetful of the claims of Longfellow. His 'Excelsior' goes up, like one of those gods who left the earth when man fell—with such mournful dignity and lingering step does the hero and does the poem ascend. Poor Nathaniel Rogers, of Lynn—that brave, gifted spirit, of whom America was not worthy—died singing 'Excelsior' to his children. 'Hyperion,' again, is a prose poem (such as, *longo intervallo*, we hope ourselves one day to execute), containing the history of the progress of an ardent soul, moving, "Hyperion-like, on high." It is written with infinite grace and beauty, a play of fancy

which is wonderful, and in a style which—lingering, pausing, rushing, sleeping, or sounding on—can be likened to nothing save a river or a breeze. But in two points we deem Emerson superior to Longfellow—in originality, and in nationality—two points which, indeed, run into one. Longfellow is rather a German than an American. He is Jean Paul, with the madcap and the creative elements omitted. His fancy is richer than his imagination is powerful. Emerson, on the contrary, has grafted his Germanism upon a strong, gnarled trunk, of aboriginal power, and his mind is often intuitive into principles, as well as fermenting with golden imagery.

When we take into account this author's poetic tendencies and idealistic training, we are astonished that he should be often the most practical of moralists. And yet so it is. His refined theories frequently bend down like rainbows, and rest their bases on earth. He often seeks to translate transcendental truth into life and action. Himself may be standing still, but it is as a cannon stands still; his words are careering over the world, calling on men to be fervent in spirit, as well as diligent in business. There is something at times almost laughable in the sight of this man living "collaterally or aside"—this quiet, wrapt mystic standing with folded arms, like a second Simon Stylites, and yet preaching motion, progress—fervent motion, perpetual, kindling progress to all around him. Motionless as a finger-post, he, like it, shows the way onwards to all passers-by. He is, in this respect, very unlike Wordsworth, who would protect the quiet of his fields as carefully as that of his family vault, or as the peace of his own heart; who, in love for calm, would almost prefer pacing the silent streets of a city of the plague to the most crowded thoroughfares of London, and who hates each railway, as if, to use the scripture allusion, its foundation were laid on his first-born, and its terminus were set up over the grave of his youngest child. Emerson, standing on the shore, blesses the steamers that are sweeping past, and cries, "Sweep on to your destination with your freightage of busy thoughts and throbbing purposes, and, as you pass, churn up the waters into poetry;" perched on Monadnock, he seems to point a path into the cloudland of the future for the rushing railway train, which affects him not with fear, but with hope, for he looks on the machinery of this age as a great scheme of conductors, lying spread and ready for the nobler influences of a coming period. He feels that the real truth is this: railways have not desecrated Nature, but have left *man behind*, and it were well that man's spiritual should overtake his physical progress.

The great lessons of a practical kind which

Emerson teaches, or tries to teach his countrymen, are faith, hope, charity, and self-reliance. He does not need to teach them the cheap virtues of industry and attention to their own interest; certain distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*, right and wrong, even he has failed to impress upon their apprehension. But he has been unwearied in urging them to faith—in other words, to realize, above the details of life, its intrinsic worth and grandeur as a whole, as well as the presence of divine laws, controlling and animating it all; to hope in the existence of an advance as certain as the motion of the globe (a feeling this which we notice with pleasure to be *growing* in his writings); to love, as the mother of that milder day which he expects and prophesies; and to self-reliance, as the strong girdle of a nation's, as well as of an individual's loins, without which both are "weak as is a breaking wave."

To a country like America, whose dependence upon Britain too often reminds us of an upstart hanging heavily, yet with an air of insolent carelessness, upon the arm of a superior, of what use might the latter lesson be? "Trust thyself. Cut a strong oaken staff from thine own woods, and rest sturdily, like a woodland giant, upon it. Give over stealing from and then abusing the old country. Kill and eat thine own mutton, instead of living on rotten imported *fricassées*. Aspire to originality in something else than national faults, insolences, and brutalities. Dare to be true, honest,—thyself, indeed a *new* country—and the Great Spirit, who loved thee in thy shaggy primeval mantle, will love thee still, and breathe on thee a breath of his old inspiration." Thus, substantially, in a thousand places, does Emerson preach to his native country.

In judging, whether of his faults or merits, we ought never to lose sight of what is his real position—he was, and shall soon return to be—a recluse. He has voluntarily retired from society. Like the knights of old, who left the society of their mistresses to meditate in solitary places upon their charms, he in love to man, has left him, and muses alone upon his character and destiny. His is not the savage grumbling retreat of a Black Dwarf, nor the Parthian flight of a Byron, nor the forced expulsion of a Shelley, who, seeking to clasp all men to his warm bosom, was with loud outcries repelled, and ran, shrieking, into solitude—it has been a quiet, deliberate, dignified withdrawal. He has said, "If I leave you, I shall, perchance, be better able to continue to love you—and perhaps, too, better able to understand you—and perhaps, above all, better able to profit you." And so the refined philanthropist has gone away to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, among the

blackberry vines, or by the "leopard-colored rills," or up the long dim vistas of the forest glades. A healthier and happier Cowper, his retreat made, at the time, as little noise as that of the solitary of Olney. Huge, howling London knew not that one, soon to be the greatest poet of that age, and the most powerful satirist of its own vices, was leaving for the country, in the shape of a poor, timid hypochondriac. None cried "stole away" to this wounded hare. So Boston nor New England imagined that their finest spirit had forsaken his chapel for the cathedral of the woods—and they would have laughed you to scorn had you told them so.

In this capacity of recluse he has conducted himself in a way worthy of the voice which came to him from the heart of the forest, saying, "Come hither, and I will show thee a thing." By exercise and stern study he has conquered that tendency to aimless and indolent reverie, which is so apt to assail thinking men in solitude. By the practice of bodily temperance and mental hope, he has, in a great measure, evaded the gloom of vexing thoughts and importunate cravings. His mind has, "like a melon," expanded in the sunshine.

"The outward forms of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude."

Still we cannot say that he has entirely escaped the drawbacks to which the recluse is subject. He has been living in a world of his own—he has been more conversant with principles than with facts—and more with dreams than either. His writing sometimes wants the edge and point which can be gained only by rough contact with the world; as it is, it is often rather an inarticulate murmur as of a brook, careless whether it be heard or understood, or not, than the sharp voice of a living man. He has contracted, too, some pet prejudices and crotchets which he values beyond their proper worth. Perhaps, also, like most solitaries, he has formed and nursed an exaggerated idea of himself and his mission. In despite to the current of general opinion, he sometimes throws in rugged and crude absurdities, which have come from some other source than of the 'Oversoul.' And, altogether, through the mist of the sweet vision, which seems the permanent abode of his own mind, he has but imperfect glimpses of the depth and intensity of that human misery, which is but another name for human life.

There is another subject where, we humbly think, his views are still more egregiously in error. We refer to human guilt. We agree with him in thinking that there is a point of view from which this dark topic may be a theme

of gratulation. But deem him premature and presumptuous in imagining that he has already reached that high angle of vision. If Foster's discolored sight, on the one hand, gave "Hell a murkier gloom," and made sin yet uglier than it is, Emerson refines it away to nothing, and really seems to regard the evil committed by man in precisely the same light as the cunning of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger. Who has anointed his eyes with eye-salve, so that he can look complacently, and with incipient praise on his lips, upon the loathsome shapes of human depravity? What genius of the western mountains has taken him to an elevation, whence the mass of man's wickedness, communicating with hell, and growing up toward retribution, appears but a molehill, agreeably diversifying the monotony of this world's landscape? The sun may, with his burning lips, kiss and gild pollution, and remain pure; but that human spirit ought to be supernal which can touch and toy with sin. And if, in his vision of the world, there be barely room for guilt, where is there space left or required for atonement?

It was once remarked to us of John Foster, "pity but he had been a wicked man." The meaning of which strange expression was this — pity but that, instead of standing at such an austere distance from human frailty, he had come nearer it, and in a larger measure partaken of it himself; for, in this case, his conceptions of it would have been juster, mellowed, and less terribly harsh. Without fully coinciding with this sentiment, we may parallel it by saying, pity almost but Emerson had been a worse and an unhappier man; for thus might he have felt more of the evil of depravity, from its remorse and its retribution, and been enabled to counteract that tendency, which evidently exists in his sanguine temperament, to underrate its virulence.

Like every really original mind, Emerson has been frequently subjected to and injured by comparison with others. Because he bears certain general resemblances to others, he must be their imitator or feebler alias. Because he is as tall as one or two reputed giants, he must be of their progeny! He has been called, accordingly, the American Montaigne — the American Carlyle — nay, a "Yankee pocket edition of Carlyle." Unfortunate America! It has been so long the land of mocking birds, that when an eagle of Jove at last appears, he must have imported his scream, and borrowed the wild lustre of his eye! A great original standing up in an imitative country looks so sudden and so strange, that men at first conceive him a forced and foreign production. We will, on the contrary, cling to our belief, that Emerson is himself, and

no other; and has learned that piercing yet musical note to which nations are beginning to listen, directly from the fountal source of all melody. We are sure that he would rather be an owl, hooting his own hideous monotone, than the most accomplished of the imitative race of mocking birds or parrots.

We think that we can observe in many of Emerson's later essays, and in some of his poems, symptoms of deepening obscurity; the twilight of his thought seems rushing down into night. His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing in deliberate puzzles — through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. That retreat we would arrest if we could, for we are afraid that those who will follow him thither will be few and far between. Since he has gathered a large body of *exoterick* disciples, it is his duty to seek to instruct, instead of perplexing and bewildering them.

Of Emerson's history we have little to tell. He was one of several brothers — all men of promise and genius — who died early, and whose loss, in one of his little poems, he deploras, as the "strong star-bright companions" of his youth. He officiated for some time as a clergyman in Boston. An American gentleman, who attended his chapel, gave us lately a few particulars about his ministry. Noted for the amiability of his disposition, the strictness of his morals, and attention to his duties, he became, on these accounts, the idol of his congregation. His preaching, however, was not generally popular, nor did it deserve to be. Our informant declared, that while Dr. Channing was the most, Emerson was the least, popular minister in Boston, and confessed that he never heard him preach a first-rate sermon till his last, in which he informed his congregation that he could conscientiously preach to them no more. The immediate cause of his resignation was his adoption of some peculiar views of the Lord's Supper. In reality, however, the pulpit was not his pride of place. Its circle not only confined his body, but restricted his soul. He preferred rather to stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity! He went away to think, farm, and write (as the Hutchinsons so sweetly sing) in the "old granite state." Thence, save to lecture, he has seldom issued, till this present pilgrimage to Britain. One trial, he has himself recorded, to have shot like lightning through the haze of his mystic tabernacle, and to have pierced his soul to the quick. It was the death of a dear child of rare promise, whose threnody he has sung as none else could. It is the most touching of his strains to us, who have felt how the blotting out

of one fair young face (albeit not so nearly related) is for a season the darkening of earth and of heaven.

Mr. Emerson is at present to Scotland the "coming man." Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, and Edinburg, are expecting his arrival with much interest. We have been watching with considerable attention his progress in England. It has not disappointed us, though it has disappointed many. We know, on the best authority, and were prepared for knowing, that he has not been generally appreciated. In some cases he has mesmerized, in others mystified his audiences. Perhaps he has been partly himself to blame. Some of his expressions have been imprudent, and even outrageous. What, for example, did he mean by this: "Why blasphemest thou, O Seer? (Swedenborg he means.) Man on the gallows or in the brothel, is always on his way upwards." (There can be little doubt as to the gallows, that he is!) Such escapades as these are certain to be misunderstood by one class, and to disgust another; and we can assure Mr.

Emerson that they are unworthy of his genius — that they tend to injure his object — that in Scotland they will not be endured — and that these are the things which have made, to our knowledge, some of his best and oldest friends tremble lest his visit should be productive of more evil than good.

Apart from this, he is sure of a candid and a kindly reception in Auld Caledonia, whither he comes, we understand, in February. His works are now widely known among us. Five or six years ago we read what we believe was the second copy of his essays which had reached Scotland. Now his name is a household word. Somewhere about the year 1825 or '26, he visited Edinburg, and preached, without any remarkable impression, in one of its chapels. Now, at the distance of twenty years, he comes — let Americans say what they please — as their truest and strongest spirit; and we blend our feeble voice with that of a large section of our intellectual community, in bidding him welcome. — *Tait's Magazine*.

NEW BOOKS ON ROME.*

VICARY AND SAVONAROLA.

There are obvious advantages in entering Rome with a Protestant clergyman on one side of you, and a Benedictine monk on the other. In such a position you are pretty likely to form an impartial judgment of what you see. It will go hard if either a blemish or a beauty of the ancient "Mother and Mistress" (and she has abundance of both) be suffered to escape your observation. The "lights" and the "shadows" of Roman life will alike be brought to bear with their whole force on you. Your eye will scarcely have been caught by the obverse of the medal, when the fact will be pressed on your notice, that it has a reverse also. Every *pro* will be promptly met with its *con*: you will have both sides of the question before you at once; and it is your own fault, or the fault of your eyes, if you bring away a one-sided view of it. Your religious principles, be they those of the reverend gentleman at your right ear, or of him at the left, encounter little risk of suffering deterioration: you are reasonably well secured against their running into either extreme: you have not to fear either

their becoming lax, weakened, unsettled, on the one hand, or their being stiffened into too buckram an orthodoxy on the other. The suggestions from the sinister elbow and from the dexter will correct, without altogether neutralizing each other, and the only effect of them will be to confirm you in that delightful candor, that tolerance untouched with any leaning to indifference, which, be they of Rome's faith or England's, distinguishes all readers of this Magazine. The two opposing clerics will hold you in a sort of gently oscillating equipoise — a beautiful, bland, well-tempered, well-balanced, equable and equitable *lay* state of mind, equally removed in its sympathies from the Reformation Society and the Propaganda. In short, your bane and antidote are, if not both before you, at least one on each side — the poison and the counterpoison: and you must manage both very badly, if you take harm from either.

For our own part, being Protestant, it is with a lively sense of being in the very bosom of safety that we commit ourselves, for a morning's ramble about the Eternal City, to the joint guidance of Mr. Vicary and Father Prout — or, as he chooses for the nonce to be called, Don Jeremy Savonarola. Should any insidious influence of the place, any moral *malaria*, seem likely to tell with a lowering effect on the tone

* "Notes of a Residence at Rome, in 1846." By a Protestant Clergyman, Rev. M. Vicary, B. A. London: R. Bentley. 1847.

"Facts and Figures from Italy." By Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. London: R. Bentley. 1847.

of our Protestantism, Mr. Vicary's neighbourhood, we are confident, will nerve us to bear up against it. Should any atmosphere of insular prejudice, borne along with us as we travel, present us a distorted or exaggerated picture of things at Rome, we count on Don Jeremy to blow away the deceptive medium, and let us see the ways of Romans as Romans themselves see them. Our Benedictine guide will teach us to "give honor due" to the brave man on whose brows the triple crown promises to become such a "cap of liberty" as the world has not yet seen. Our Anglican monitor will remind us that, after all, the Pope is the Pope: that he who is now breaking the political fetters of his Romans may, for any thing we know, be at the same time preparing fetters far more crushing for the souls of our own free fellow-Britons and Brito-Hibernians: and that he who will *not* have Italy Austrian, *will* have Ireland (and England, too, if he can manage it) Italian.

Thus, we shall return from the banks of the Tiber, neither a better Protestant than we arrived there, nor a worse one: and that we consider a decided advantage. The seven hills will restore us to our home and our parish church, a victim neither to Romanomania nor to Romano-phobia. Neither Exeter Hall nor Oscott will have a chance of us. From the regions over which the Pope casts out his shoe, we shall come back, neither to moan with Miss Miggs over the blindness of the Papists who kiss it, nor to exult with Mr. Ward in the growing disposition (if such there be) of this Protestant realm to unite in the osculation. Under auspices so full of promise, we pause no longer on the threshold of our pilgrimage—we "take the road" with a good heart, and, if fortunate enough to have the reader for a fellow-pilgrim, will do "our possible" to make the time pass pleasantly for him, and profitably for ourselves; we will beguile the way for him, and he shall pay the turnpikes for us.

There are two things indispensable to every book—an outside and an inside, and the criticism that overlooks either of these is plainly one-sided. Few books are equal throughout, uniformly good or uniformly bad. Some are admirable to the end of the title-page, and from that point fall off. Others break down at an earlier stage: shut, they dazzle you with their brilliancy, but from the time you open them they begin to be dull. Now to say that such books are bad, would be harsh, and even untrue: the most you can say of them is, that they are unequal. It is only the inside that is bad; and the way into which reviewers have got, of judging books as if they were *all inside*, has led to many an unjust, or, at most, half-just sentence, by which unqualified condemnation has been pronounced

upon a performance, presenting strong redeeming points, on the outside. A word, therefore, respecting the covers of the two volumes on our table, before we proceed to their contents.

The color of an author's mind is supposed to be reflected in his works, but it is clear that the color of his coat is not, or we should have Mr. Vicary coming up to the visitation in a full suit of scarlet, and Father Prout glancing like a portent from one European capital to another, in yellow from top to toe. Both these gentlemen, on the contrary, wear black coats. However, there is, no doubt, a mystic meaning in the colors in which they have respectively chosen to invest the offspring of their brains. The Protestant clergyman, by giving a scarlet frame to his picture of the seven-hilled city, probably meant to convey, in the most delicate manner, his opinion of the identity of the Pope with a lady who need not be more particularly defined. The Benedictine, as we know already, sent his records of an eventful epoch into the world in yellow, as a token of homage to Pius IX., that being the armorial color of Mastai Ferretti. Knights, in those glorious old times, which, by the blessing of goodness, are gone by for ever, used to wear the colors of the fair lady in whose honor they broke a lance: and Don Jeremy very properly wears—not personally, but by his book as proxy—the colors of the pontiff, in whose quarrel he flings down the gauntlet to devil and devil's advocate, and to all the devil's brood of liars, detractors, and grudgers at good men, in this in some respects dirty world—and who, if not exactly a lady, yet is in so far like one, that he wears petticoats.

So much for the outsides of our two books, the scarlet and the yellow, which, as they lie side by side on our table, in as loving proximity as if the Council of Trent had never anathematized a Protestant, have a fine, warm, Claude Lorrainish effect, and remind us in a very lively manner of sunset as seen from Monte Pincio.

Mr. Vicary's "Notes of a Residence at Rome," which we now open, have one great fault—they are out of date: they tell us of a Rome that has ceased to exist, that had ceased to exist when the book was published, though not when the "Notes" which have supplied its material were taken. It was, in fact, a serious *contresens* for Mr. Vicary that the New Era began at Rome between the writing of his book and its issuing from the press. It was good for the Romans, indeed, for it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good; but it was (if we may use the expression) the mischief for Mr. Vicary. His "Notes," owing to this unlucky turn in affairs, are become very much like the notes of a bank that has succumbed to the "mon-

etary pressure;" or like notes of invitation to dinner, the hospitable inditer of which has suddenly dropped dead when on the point of sending them out, but which an over-scrupulous flunky makes a point of delivering notwithstanding; or like the notes that were frozen in the bugles of Baron Munchausen's postillions, and that came out, quite *mal à propos*, with the next year's thaw. You cannot, as you read, divest yourself of the impression that Mr. Vicary is Rip Van Winkle: you are convinced that he has been asleep since somewhere about April or May, 1846, and that his soul harbors no suspicion of the strange things that have been going on in the world in the meanwhile. By no other hypothesis can you explain, to your own satisfaction, his onslaughts on abuses already fast and far on the road to oblivion; and his fulminations against a system of policy which lives now but in the traditions of the dim past. For really, these eighteen months, during which Mr. Vicary has been rapt in a blest unconsciousness of earthly things, have done the work of about half that number of centuries at Rome, and Pius IX. throws Gregory XVI. into a hardly less dreamy distance than Gregory VII. Mr. Vicary, however, is awake now, and some vague rumor seems to have reached his ear, that things in the Eternal City are not exactly what he remembers them, eight hundred years ago. How and to what extent they may be changed, his notions are probably indistinct, but he knows enough, or guesses enough, to suspect, that in some of his outpourings of indignation upon the blunders of the Papal government, he may have been, to use an expression which we hope the reader will not find coarse, ducking a drowned dog. A symptom of some such feeling shows itself at page 11, where the following passage occurs:

"To improve the navigation of the Tiber, from Rome to Ostia, would be productive of the greatest prosperity to both these cities. That classic river is only navigable for boats of about twenty tons burden, and has evidently disimproved, from the times the Cæsars bore upon its waters the ponderous spoils of Egypt. A railroad, also, from Civita Vecchia, a distance of forty miles, could easily and expeditiously convey merchandise and passengers from that excellent port. This would be a national benefit, and would, without contradiction, steadily, and to a large extent, increase the revenue. These subjects have been brought under the notice of government; but, from the peculiar short-sightedness and narrow views which have ever characterized the measures of the Papal executive, they have been either postponed, or abandoned. The reason of which is evident; the march of improvement, and the general change in the minds of men and things which have strongly marked the last quarter of a century, have been

viewed with jealousy and alarm by the occupants of the Vatican. They fear, and perhaps, not without foundation, that the elements of change and innovation, which have been working amid society, in commerce, science, and literature, would, if they were suffered to approach the Roman capital, be at once transferred to the religious system, which, enthroned here, as a great heart, sends forth its streams to so large a portion of the world. Their strength consists in 'resisting change,' and they are but too well aware, that if its influences were but once permitted to operate, the religion of Rome, with its mitred prince, and all the proud superstructure which has held in vassalage, for ages, both the minds and bodies of men, would run the hazard of crumbling into the dust."

Now, Mr. Vicary appears to have felt—as it was natural he should—that there was some awkwardness in presenting the above to the world, as an exposition of the Papal policy, just when the "occupant of the Vatican," with the eyes of all waking mankind upon him, was laying down railroads, building iron bridges, lighting gas-lamps, abolishing street and state beggary, opening his ports, emancipating his press, and in other ways, which we have not time now to reckon up, making the "Roman capital" a very *nidus* of the "elements of change and innovation." Accordingly, at the words, "march of improvement," about the middle of the paragraph we have extracted, an asterisk directs the reader's attention to a note at the foot of the page, and here it stands written:

"These remarks apply chiefly to the late government."

Observe, "*chiefly* to the late government;" in some measure, then, though an inferior one, to the government now existing. That is the meaning of "*chiefly*," or it means nothing. Mr. Vicary's "remarks," on the opposition of "the Papal executive" to national progress, apply "*chiefly*" to the government that opposed national progress, and only in a subordinate degree to the government which promotes it in every possible way! This is candor with a vengeance. Just as if a Huguenot, writing about England a year or two after the revolution of 1688, had inveighed against the Popery of the court, and subjoined a note to inform his readers that "his remarks applied chiefly to the late reign."

No, no. When Popes Gregory and Pius conspired to spoil Mr. Vicary's book—the former, by dying before it was printed, the latter, by taking up maxims of state so opposite to those which it laid down as the only ones for Popes to act on—the way to repair the mischief was not that which our author has embraced. He

should, at once, have drawn his pen through the "remarks," which this insidious manœuvre of the Vatican had placed in a false position. He should have given them up. Victims of a popish plot—he might have consecrated a tear to their memory; but he should not have suffered them to lie unburied, and impart, as they do, a certain cadaverous mouldiness to his whole book. That is carrying the "no surrender" principle too far—it is more than uncompromising, it is romantic.

What Mr. Vicary must find most provoking, in the line taken by Pius IX., is, that it was adopted at a moment when he (Mr. Vicary) was preparing to show, not only that Pope Gregory XVI. did, but that all Popes must object, on principle, to railroads, and to improving the navigation of the Tiber, as well as to all other "elements of innovation," in "commerce, science, literature," and every thing else. In the "peculiar shortsightedness," characteristic of the Papal executive, it apprehends that any change in the mode of travelling, within the limits of the Ecclesiastical States, would be at once "transferred to the religious system enthroned there." And this apprehension Mr. Vicary considers to be not without foundation. It may seem contradictory, but he thinks that the reason why the "occupants of the Vatican," in a short-sightedness peculiar to themselves, will neither lay down a railroad from Civita Vecchia, nor make the Tiber navigable for vessels of more than twenty tons burden, is, because they see that either of these measures, in the long run, would cause not only the "religion of Rome," but also "its mitred prince," to crumble into dust. With a railway *terminus* at the Porta Vecchia, no living Roman would believe an hour longer in the seven sacraments. The first barque that swept up the "classic river," carrying an ounce over the orthodox twenty tons, would suggest to the lieges of the Holy See perilous doubts as to the existence of purgatory; and the snort of a "locomotive" would seduce even the Trasteverine bosom from its fealty to the Queen of Heaven. All which, however, would be as nothing, in comparison with the crowning catastrophe, the personal pulverization of the successor of Peter. Mr. Vicary may well call the "shortsightedness," which can see all this at the end of a railroad forty miles long, "peculiar." For our own part, we are not short-sighted enough to see so far; neither, it would seem, is Pius IX. We have little reliance on steam, in a theological point of view. A train, a quarter of a mile long, may be a very cogent argument against the infallibility of the Pope—but, perhaps from some abnormal structure of mind, we do not perceive its force.

We have never felt our own Protestant convictions sensibly strengthened by a turn on the Grand Junction, and are afraid the "Three W's" will be found but a feeble instrument of conversion along the rather Popish line of country which it is destined to traverse. In short, let us look to facts. The largest Roman Catholic chapel in Dublin stands within three steps of the *terminus* in Westland-row, and we have not heard that the reverend gentlemen of the former establishment express any uneasiness at the proximity of the latter. Vessels, of considerably more than twenty tons burden, come up to Carlisle Bridge, yet, the coal-porters of Burgh-quay continue the flower of Old-Irish Catholicity—and from Conciliation Hall arises a steam of adoration to the holy coat of Treves. Maynooth is at this moment a railway station, and we are not aware that the consequence has been any increase in the number of the Priests' Protection Society's *protégés*. Turning our eyes to the continent, we see Belgium dissected with "iron roads," yet more Romish than Rome herself—while the position of Cologne, as the railway-key of Germany, has not yet caused the crowns to tremble on the heads of her skeleton "three kings,"—any more than the cloud of shipping which Father Rhine carries up to her wharves has taught her heart one pulsation, fraught with inconstancy to her eleven thousand virgins.

With these facts before us, we cannot say that we build much on water, whether fluid, or in the form of elastic vapor, as a vehicle for religious truths. Whether you use it to float a ship, or to impel a carriage, its bearing on controverted points of doctrine will be found to be extremely remote, and it will generally leave people, as far as concerns their opinions of the other world, pretty much where it found them.

To return to Mr. Vicary—as there was no railway from Civita Vecchia to Rome, he very wisely determined to make the journey without one—and a few hours, on a road paved by the old Romans, brought him to the walls of the eternal city. The effect of the first sight of Rome on the mind familiar with her history is now a hackneyed theme, and there is, probably, nothing now to be said upon it. If there is, Mr. Vicary, at least, is not the man to say it. Hear him try:—

"What associations are evoked, when one is about to enter the capital of the great commonwealth, which, for so long a period, was mistress of the world. The halo that surrounds her history receives new brightness, by which every page vividly returns to the mind. The deathless names with which every era of her existence abounded, winning their fame in the field or the

forum, rise before us. We cannot forget that we tread the scene of the peaceful triumphs of a Horace, or a Virgil, as well as that once cumbered with the ruthless spoils of a Titus, or a Cæsar. The very soil seems sacred—and we tread the stones, that resound to our footsteps, with something of the same feeling, but vastly more absorbing and intense, with which we walk the eloquent church-yard. It is the land which Scipio covered with laurels, and which contains his ashes; which gave birth to Cato, and still

“Breathes—burns with Cicero.”

We come, as it were, to do homage to these great names, and to bend over those tombs, whose lone occupants have made the place the first in gallantry and glory—‘the city of the soul.’ Such are the reflections that rise, as we cross the Ponte di S. Angelo, with the Tiber flowing beneath, and enter the modern city.”

Passing by “the majestic ruins which are scattered in profusion around,” and which “Byron invests with all the graces of sentiment and feeling,” we hasten, with Mr. Vicary, to another subject, to which his attention was directed during a considerable sojourn (apparently comprising several months) at Rome, namely, the “church, government, and ceremonies,” of that place. We think it a pity that Mr. V. did not know a little about the Roman Catholic religion *before* he went to Rome, as this would, in some measure, have facilitated his study of the “church and ceremonies,” while there. If he had taken some lessons in Italian, too, he would have found it advantageous, as it would have enabled him to get his information on Roman affairs at first hand, instead of being indebted for it to his English friends, who, again, had it from *their* English friends, who had it apparently from their own ingenious, but not always correct guesses. We learn, at page nine, that he did make the acquaintance of a priest, but he does not appear to have learned much from the acquaintance, except that, if it were necessary to say mass at a new church every day in the year, it could be done without any difficulty. This suggests an embarrassing consideration to Mr. Vicary’s mind: large as the Roman calendar is—how, he asks, are *fresh* saints to be found, who shall have the honor of each church’s dedication? But he has an answer ready to his own question:—

“The matter is easily managed; the same saint presides over several, the name only has some variation or adjunct. Thus we find churches ‘di Santa Maria,’ to ‘Santa Maria en (in) Trastevere;’ others dedicated to St. Peter, again to ‘San Pietro in Vincoli.’”

To set Mr. Vicary entirely at ease on this subject, we take this opportunity to inform him,

that even without this ingenious expedient for managing the matter, the Romans would have been at no loss for saints to dedicate their churches to, as the number of those edifices, at most, does not exceed that of the days of the year, and there are saints in the calendar fully up to that figure, and above it.

Mr. Vicary must have misunderstood his *valet de place*, (or our old friend Deodato must have felt that he had a Bull of more than ordinary softness of horn to do with), when he was led to believe what he tells us at page 10—that “*all* the resources of the Papal government are directed to the building and keeping in repair their houses of worship,” and that “*any* money that may abound in the exchequer, is invariably expended in this ecclesiastical mania.” Surely the Swiss guards, to say nothing of the native part of the Pope’s army, cost *something*. Is *no* part of the “resources of the Papal government” expended in the salaries of civil and other functionaries? Where does the money come from to pay for the Sovereign Pontiff’s own dinner? Do the cardinals canvass for broken victuals from door to door? Are the *monsignori* fed with manna from heaven, or do they get their clothing as the lilies of the field? Does the hangman (or headsman) “work-off” his clients *gratis*, for the mere pleasure of the thing, or, perhaps, *per l’amor di Dio*? Are the agreeable gentlemen who rummage your trunks on the frontier, a society of amateurs? Is the virtue of the incorruptible officials who badger you about your passport, its own reward? Is the ink—are the pens, the papers, the wafers, coals, candles, and all other material appliances, without which the public service would get on lamely indeed, furnished by disinterested dealers in those articles, from purely patriotic motives? And is church-work the *only* work which the subjects of the church will not do for love, but only for money? We repeat, we think there must be some mistake in all this.

It is very true, however, though Mr. Vicary says it, that a great deal of the money lavished on church-building at Rome (and on Swiss-guard-keeping, too), in the late Pontiff’s time, and before it, might have been laid out better. Happily, this is not only Mr. Vicary’s opinion and our own, but also that of Pius IX.; and if our author should repeat his visit to Rome a year or two hence, he will not have to jolt up from Civita Vecchia on a road paved by the old Romans.

Mr. Vicary takes considerable pains to make his readers aware that he knows nothing about church architecture. In speaking of the Roman churches, he complains, that “the rich Gothic ornament, which we meet in the older abbeys

and cathedrals of the British isles, is totally wanting." This is quite true: the churches of modern, and the temples of ancient Rome, are equally destitute of "Gothic ornament;" and for the same reason—they are not Gothic buildings. "The lofty tower, or the tapering spire, has never found favor with the Italian architect." Of course not: the Italian architect was generally too good an artist to make his work a patch-work of incongruous styles, as his bastard-brother of London has ever been prone to do. Michael Angelo did not see the necessity of putting a steeple to St. Peter's, just as Erwin of Steinbach did not judge it expedient to furnish Strasburgh minster with a dome. A place for every thing, and every thing in its place—is a good rule, and one, the observance of which would have curtailed some churches, as well as some books that we know, of an "ornament" here and there.

Proceeding with his account of the churches, our author expresses himself not less charmed with the interior, than he was disappointed at the outside view of them. He enters into an enumeration of their general features, which may be stated thus: a "large hall" (he means the nave) terminates in a "raised altar (we were not aware, until Mr. Vicary drew the distinction, that there were *sunk* altars) formed with exquisite taste;" statues "repose in profusion around," "any one of which"—a truly English way of praising a work of art—"would be the wonder of the collection of any of our nobility;" "scripture-pieces" cover the walls, "beautiful in execution, and imposing in effect;" the sight-seer's feet are upon a "pavement, generally mosaic, in which beautiful patterns are worked with extraordinary care;" marbles "of red, purple, or green, crossed by the most brilliant veins, and finished with the highest polish," mostly compose the altar; in not a few, "the rich blue and gold of the *lapis lazuli* is blended with the fine hues of the *verd antique*;" "gilding, and sometimes even solid gold, lend their aid to this holy of holies;" the "revered *hostia*" tabernacles in an "ark of precious stone, of onyx, or alabaster;" and the altar is surmounted by "candelabra, of various, but correct designs." No wonder Mr. Vicary should say, that to pass from the outside to the inside of one of these wonderful churches is like passing "from a wilderness to a garden—from our cold world into fairy-land."

It is in these churches that, as Mr. Vicary, with questionable grammar, informs us:—

"Upon Sundays, and the great festivals of the year, the bishop, or priest, attended by his clergy, celebrate their imposing rites, with all the graces of motion, decorum, and order, calculated

so well to impress the multitude, and which are to be found only in their perfection at this capital of the Roman Church."

"With the monuments," says Mr. Vicary, "I shall have completed the description of the sacred edifices of Rome." These, he proceeds to inform us, occupy a considerable space in every church, and "serve to excite reflections in the devout mind on the instability of life." The monuments of the Popes are in St. Peter's, and are "interwoven with Canova's genius."

We observe, that Mr. Vicary supposes St. Peter's to be the Pope's parish church. In this he is mistaken, as the distinction in question belongs to the church of St. John (in) Lateran, which Mr. Vicary calls "St. John Lateran's church," as if Lateran were St. John's surname. It is to this church, and not to St. Peter's, that the title, "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*," is given. The "great wonder," our author tells us, "of St. Peter's is its extent—its colossal proportions. Amazement is the feeling that is universally excited." He dilates on the "unrivalled statues, paintings, and mosaic," with which "all this extent" is adorned—assures us that "nothing has been ever admitted into St. Peter's but what is first-rate in its way," (Mr. Vicary himself, we should say, not excepted)—and then goes on to mention, that "above is spread the roof," which, the church being undeniably lofty, is "raised to a great height." "Many of the canons," we learn, "pass through the aisles;" but "the chief object of attraction seems to be a bronze statue of St. Peter," canons being "small deer," indeed, when measured with the "*Princeps Apostolorum*." The most remarkable point about the saint is, that he "sits in solemnity and silence, while every devout Catholic is sure to crowd around him. As soon as his devotions, which take place near the altar, are concluded, he rises, and kisses the foot, or rather great toe, of the Apostle." Here, we confess, we are at sea. Are we to understand that Mr. Vicary *saw* the statue rise, and kiss the foot, or rather great toe, of the apostle? We cannot but think there was some kind of optical illusion in the business, or else some trick of priestcraft, with pulleys and ropes.

The Lateran church Mr. Vicary, with his peculiar judgment in ecclesiastical architecture, finds defective, from its having neither tower or dome. Its "front aisle" (nave) is "a noble hall, terminating in a picturesque altar." It is not so *tasty* a church, to Mr. Vicary's fancy, as St. Peter's; it is, however, the richest church in Rome in the article of relics—among which it possesses a duplicate of the Holy Coat of Treves.

From the churches our tourist proceeds to the clergy, which, he tells us, "at Rome, as in other

Catholic countries, may be divided into secular and regular." Every twentieth person you meet is, it seems, of the sacerdotal class; and this, from the great diversity of dress marking the different ecclesiastical ranks and religious orders, gives a certain fantastic and masquerading aspect to the streets of the eternal city.

The following bit will be read with interest:—

"The Jesuits are recovering from the disgraces and defeats they have received at Rome, as well as in other places. They are 'up and stirring,' frequently to be met on the thoroughfares, with thoughtful brows and hurried steps. The business of conversion is committed to their hands. Many thousand foreigners visit or sojourn in the city; to these the Jesuit frequently finds access, and by degrees winds himself into the good graces of his new acquaintances. He lends them books—not actual Roman Catholic pamphlets, but those which combine the '*utile cum dulci*'—which, perhaps, while they would descant upon some local subject, or something remarkable in the neighbourhood, gradually undermine the faith of Protestants. Then, when they have wound themselves into your confidence, they act more openly, and put into your hands a book upon 'the faith' (*il fede*), or a tract illustrative of the sole orthodoxy and purity of Rome. It is wonderful with what zeal they go about the business; and then, it was so purely accidental—so unpremeditated.

"I have been told that in some cases they are successful; and an English family, or some of its members, forsake the religion of their fathers, and enter into communion with Rome."

There is but too much truth in the above; and if Mr. Vicary had but had the luck to write *fede* with a *la*, instead of an *il*, we fear this passage would have been one of the least liable to be questioned, on the score of correctness, in his book.

We pass to the ceremonies, of which, especially of those at Christmas, and Easter, our author gives accounts too detailed and lengthy for transcription here. Nothing connected with these ceremonies surprised him more than the apparent want of devotion which characterized the multitudes that attended them. The people, in fact, looked as cheerful as if they had not been engaged in any thing of a religious nature at all. Mr. Vicary could not help expressing his surprise at this to an English priest who stood near him, and who, we think, gave him a very rational solution of the matter. It was as little in the nature of the Italians, the priest said, to be grave, as it is in that of the English to be lively. The Englishman is solemn at church, but he is just as solemn everywhere else; the Italian, on the contrary, is distinguished by a serene gaiety in all his employments, and it does not

desert him in his acts of worship. This explanation did not altogether satisfy Mr. Vicary; but there was no time to dispute the point, for the procession was going to begin. It was Christmas-day. A little before nine o'clock in the morning, one of the three great doors of St. Peter's (that nearest the Vatican) opened, and a procession, without any parallel in Mr. Vicary's experience, entered from the stairs which he erroneously calls "*Scala Sancta*," but the name of which is the *Scala Regia*, or, in Italian, *Reale*. Cardinals, priests, and religious attendants, composed the procession; and, in the midst of these, a sun around which they revolved as lesser lights, came the Pope himself.

We must let Mr. Vicary describe the Pope's dress, which he does with the *gusto* of a milliner:—

"The dress of the Pope is rather chaste than splendid. It consists of an under robe of white satin: another, of the same material, with a not very rich gold fringe, open in front, of the nature of a cossack (*cassock*?), is thrown over, and reaches to the knees. Over this there is placed a tippet, or hood, having the cross worked upon the ends, and profusely ornamented with the Papal arms, the keys. He wore white satin shoes, having a small cross worked upon the front of each; they were as nicely made, and, in every particular, resembling those that a lady would appear in at a ball-room. He wore upon his head a small skull-cap of satin also, which was not removed during the entire time of his presence in St. Peter's."

The dress of the cardinals is described with the same precision—and here the predominance of crimson offers a fine contrast to the Pope's simple white. Then come the bishops, whose dress is "satin, interspersed with gold lace," and the prelates and *monsignori* follow. The Pope is carried along in a handsome chair, borne by men in crimson dresses, with trowsers fitting tightly to the leg—what we call pantaloons. The *guardia nobile* follows, a splendid body of men, whose rich accoutrements "add not a little to the effect of the ecclesiastical display." Their uniform is a red coat, covered with a profusion of lace, and white leather trowsers (breeches), large boots, and cocked hat—which last article Pius IX. has exchanged for a steel helmet, of the old Roman pattern. A canopy of silk is held over the pontiff's head, as he moves along, and vast fans, composed of feathers, are borne on either side of him, which are occasionally waved to and fro, for the purpose, as Mr. Vicary observes, of cooling the air. Two lines of grenadiers extend from the door to the pontifical altar, forming a lane, up which the procession slowly moves to the part of the church forming the upper limb of the cross. Here is a throne,

to which the Pope, having descended from his chair, is led by two cardinals. His Holiness sits down, and their Eminences follow the august example.

No sooner, however, are all seated, than an irresistible feeling of mutual affection appears to spring up in the bosoms of the cardinals. These dignitaries, who sit *vis-à-vis*, in two long parallel rows, to the Pope's right and left, doubtless discover something extremely engaging and attractive in one another's looks, the influence of which they are unable to withstand. The consequence is, that they stand up, and begin to bow to each other in a manner unequivocally expressive of reciprocal high consideration. From bowing, they proceed to embracing — and, from embracing, they fall back upon bowing again. These love-passages, being unaccompanied with any audible declaration, gave Mr. Vicary a strange impression, as if the members of the Sacred College were not living, but moved by machinery. Mathews, the "Invalid," was reminded by them, with great liveliness, of "Noodle and Doodle, in the play:" our own idea is that the whole scene must have very much the effect of a phantasmagoria.

As soon as the cardinals have done bowing to, and embracing each other, they go, one by one, and kiss the Pope's toe.

By half-past twelve o'clock, high mass is concluded: the Pope ascends the altar, the thousands present fall on their knees, the military lower their arms. With outstretched arms, the supreme pastor pronounces the benediction — there is a momentary hush — and, then, the din of *such* a congregation breaking up. The pontiff is now conducted again to his portable throne, the mitre is removed from his brows, and the tiara — the token of his temporal sovereignty — takes its place: the men in crimson raise the sacred burden to their shoulders, the canopy is hoisted, the fans are waved: the cardinals, bishops, prelates, and inferior clergy, fall into their places: the "noble guard" closes up towards the person of its priestly-royal master, and the procession takes its way back to the Vatican in the same order in which it entered the sacred place. The Basilica pours forth its thousands; for five minutes, the *Piazza San Pietro* boils with the outbreak of long pent-up speech, and then all is still: the Italians are gone home to their Christmas dinners — and the English, bored and grumbling, have rushed to their hotels, to see if there is any thing eatable to be got, in the way of lunch, and to vote the procession a humbug.

We must now take leave of Mr. Vicary — not but what he has a great deal more to say, that is well worth hearing: but our lessening space re-

minds us that we have promised ourselves a half-hour's gossip with Father Prout, and the promise is too pleasant a one not to be kept. We therefore put by the scarlet book, suggesting to its author, that, should his work reach a second edition, it would be as well that he got somebody who understood Italian to run a friendly eye over the sheets, before their final committal to the press. Mr. Vicary is fond of bringing in scraps of that language, and, by some fatality, never misses going astray — never deviates into good grammar, or correct spelling — when he indulges the predilection. If he does not happen to know any body that knows the "Tuscan tongue," perhaps the safest plan for him would be to do all his Italian into the vernacular, say "street" for *strada* — "English" for *Inglese* — "tooth-ache" for *il malade di dente* (a favorable specimen of Vicarious Italian) — "to-day" for *questa giorno* (another) — "strangers" for *forestieri* — and so on. It would require, no doubt, an effort of self-denial to do this, but the accompanying advantages would be great — and the reader would understand Mr. Vicary just as well.

And now to the yellow book, the golden book, the book which is not out of date — by the initiated named "Father Prout's Last Book" (all benign powers forbid that it *should* be his last), and by them that are without, "Don Jeremy Savonarola's Facts and Figures from Italy."

An account of the preface of this rare book has already been given to the readers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, by the wag-gish gentleman who writes himself Morgan Rattler, in our October number of last year. All that follows the preface, however, is still a *terra incognita*, except to those who have reviewed the book for themselves, which, indeed, every one ought to do, but which, as this is not a perfect world, but only a world progressing to perfection, it is more than probable that many have not done, and that some do not think of doing. Taking this view of things, we begin where "Morgan Rattler" left off, and present our readers with some "texts" out of the "Epistles of Father Prout," accompanied by such comments, homiletic or exigetic, as may suggest themselves to us by the way.

"Part the First" comprises the letters (from Savonarola to Boz) written during the first months of the year 1846, and the last of the pontificate of Gregory XVI., a period which Don Jeremy characterizes as the "fag-end of an old reign." We may add, that the reign itself was the fag-end of an old era. Gregory, we trust, will be in everlasting remembrance in Papal history, as the last pope of the "stand-still" school. May no future yearner after the "an-

cient ways" — after the "holy simplicity" of an age unbreathed-on by steam, and unsmutched with printer's ink — issue forth from the ballot-box of the Vatican, to contest the distinction with him! Gregory was, without doubt, a man inferior in every way to the two heroic pontiffs who defied the brigands of the French republic and empire; even Leo XII., though not so good a man, was far more of a ruler — far more gifted with sagacity and vigor of character, than the monk of Camaldoli. Nevertheless, the obstacles to national prosperity and social improvement, on which Pius IX., from the day of his election, began to make war, were by no means the growth of the last sixteen years: they were time-hallowed abuses, hoary mischiefs, ineptitudes around which the traditions of centuries threw a halo, that made reform, in connection with them, another name for sacrilege. It was in an ominous hour, however, for the system that loves to inscribe "*semper eadem*" alike on its best and its worst features, that its destinies were committed to the guidance of him, whose motto is "*Mai sta Ferretti*" — Ferretti never stands still. Some conception of the task that awaited the dauntless reformer, may be gathered from the part of Don Jeremy's book now before us, and we proceed to pick a few ravellings out of this "fag-end of an old reign," by which the reader may judge of the texture of the whole.

The simultaneous demise of Pope Gregory, and of the system of which he was the representative, was, a few months before it took place, not at all supposed to be so near as it was. The Pontiff looked better and younger, at the beginning of 1846, than he had done for a dozen years — three fourths of his troublous occupancy of the "chair of Peter." His nose had, at last, done growing, and the vitality, so long carried off in this direction, seemed to have been thrown back upon the general fund of the constitution. Don Jeremy thought he "might yet sing a *requiem* to Louis Philippe" — a thought to which the wish was by no means father, as a note very plainly indicates, in which our Benedictine, or his editor (*alter et idem*) sings of the citizen-king — now better known as match-maker in ordinary to the royal house of Spain:—

"Be his old age hale and mellow,
And may the shrewd old fellow
Last long as his old umbrella!"

To which we respond with our cordiallest
"Amen!"

Gregory's interview with the great Mumbo Jumbo of the North — the earthly deity of "all the Russias" — the great representative of Power in its divorce from Conscience, has thrown a glory, like the light of a splendid sunset, over

the close of his reign. It was good for the old man that he lived to re-enact the old story of Leo and Attila with "gigantic Romanoff;" and, perhaps, it was good for him that he lived no longer. It would have been a pity, had that grand effect been disturbed by subsequent paltrinesses. It was, in fact, time for Mauro Cappellari to die: it was soon enough, and it was not too soon. And now for some of the rubbish he left for his successor to sweep away.

Among the difficulties bequeathed by the late Pontiff to his successor, those of a financial nature were not the least grave. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the imports of Rome, according to Don Jeremy, exceeded the exports by no less a sum than five millions of dollars annually; the export trade, moreover, being "almost exclusively made up of raw materials, while the imports are invariably articles of foreign skill and industry, leaving on the side of Rome an overwhelming amount of beggarly indolence, consequent on governmental incapacity." The book trade, among others, Don Jeremy describes as one which the government had totally withered up, thus adding "another melancholy leaf to the *hortus siccus* of Roman beggary." A sum of 120,000 dollars, annually paid by the Roman reading world to foreign booksellers, chiefly for Italian works, is a proof of the fatuous views that must have directed the management of this branch of the public interest. No wonder, however, that it is so, when —

"If a Roman *virtuoso* labors with a MS., he seeks the obstetric aid of a printing-press anywhere but within these walls."

This was the effect of a jealous and illiberal censorship, under which no author, of any sense of his own dignity, would consent to give the fruits of his mental toil to the world. Here is a specimen of the consequences:—

"The paper on which this letter will be printed has probably come in the shape of Roman rags from Civita Vecchia or Ancona. This export (exclusive of smuggling) is, in pounds, two millions and a-half of the raw material of paper. Any boy in one of your favorite 'ragged-schools' can calculate the loss which ensues on exporting rags, and receiving printed books in return. An alarm was raised a few years ago about this glaring deficiency in the management of things, and, by way of a remedy, a prohibition against the exit of rags was enacted. The rags were then used as manure; nothing could force them into paper under the restrictions of a manacled press. The prohibition was accordingly removed. As in the similar case of the old log in Horace, the better alternative (between dung and divinity) was determined upon —

'Maluit esse denm;
Deus inde ego furum maxima formido.'

But rags are not the only article which the Romans export raw, and import manufactured. Think of an agricultural country exporting its cows and oxen, and importing its butter and cheese! Think of a southern country exporting its raw silk and importing its silken tissues! Think of the same, or of any country, exporting its raw wool, and importing it again in the form of broadcloth—losing some 220,000 dollars yearly on that *item* alone! Think of Rome importing olive-oil from Tuscany, and wax and honey from wherever she can get them! Think of the successor of Peter—the fisherman of the Vatican—buying all his fish from the heretical English! These, says Don Jeremy, are “a few *data*, on which to found an opinion as to the value of churchmen’s government, and the exclusion of laymen from the management of temporal affairs.” We think they furnish as strong an argument against “Repeal” as any we have met with yet, for there can be no doubt that that measure would virtually give us a parliament of priests, with the “venerable and venerated” the Mac Hales, Cantwells, and O’Higinnes—to govern the wires of the cabinet.

Perhaps, of all the legacies left by Gregory to the inheritor of his honors and his cares, there was not a more unwelcome one than the question about the “godless colleges.” It is really a pity that the question was not settled before Pius IX. received the “keys,” as the decision upon it has been laid hold of by all the mischief-loving souls in this empire, to impair the effect which the reforms of the great pontiff were producing upon all well-conditioned minds. At the time the following was written (January, 1846), our witty and liberal author probably anticipated a different decision on this subject:

“An early day in February, and a chosen committee (superseding the routine tribunal which would otherwise have taken cognizance thereof) have been named for investigating, in its spiritual operation, the late act of the British legislature for the endowment of lay colleges in Ireland. The few whose names have transpired are thoughtful and accomplished men, and know the bounds of their competency, long accustomed to similar vexed questions in other European states. The clauses submitted, as more or less objectionable, by the Irish remonstrants, have every chance of being fairly sifted. The only Irish prelate here, Dr. Kennedy, of Killaloe, keeps strictly aloof, but is understood to side rather with the older and more enlightened members of the episcopacy in his judgment of the measure. His prudent reserve has not, however, prevented the free expression, three days ago, in his presence, of a rather forcible opinion, to wit, that ‘*the Bishops in Ireland favorable to the Colleges should be denied Christian burial, and their ashes thrown into the Shannon;*’ the

merit of which decent and sober utterance belongs to an official of the Irish seminary here. The wiseacre is from Waterford, for which latitude he is better fitted than that of Rome, where as yet the Turkish custom has not generally obtained of keeping a holy idiot in each mosque for luck.”

The older and more enlightened members of the episcopacy are, of course, those who showed most inclination to judge the measure favorably. We do not know what they will say now; whether they will console themselves with the conclusion of the old Roman—

“*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

If we can trust Don Jeremy’s representations, the feeling at Rome was rather in favor of the “colleges” than against them—at least this seems to be implied in the following:

“Much disgust is felt and expressed in ecclesiastical circles here, at the tenor of Dr. John MacHale’s Lenten manifesto, ascribing the potato-rot to the establishment of Irish colleges for the laity. Italian gravity relaxes into a smile of pity for the people to whom such garbage is presented with impunity. Nor, while the question is known to be under reference to superior authority, do people here overlook the indecency of this individual prejudgment, seeming, as it were, to bully the Vatican.”

There can be little doubt that MacHale, and the other “younger and less enlightened members of the episcopacy” who act with him, have bullied the Vatican into a decision in accordance with their views on this subject. What would have been the effect on the bulk of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, of a Papal judgment in favor of a scheme, which the majority of their bishops, and almost the whole of their clergy, pronounced to be so atrocious—so fraught with ruin for the interests of religion, that the beneficent Creator was induced to spoil the potatoes, in order to mark his displeasure with it? It is clear that the people must have lost all respect, either for the pontiff or for their more immediate spiritual guides, that their confidence, in the former or in the latter, must have been shaken to the foundation, and that either Pius must have seemed to them a “dumb dog,” that barked not when the capitol was in danger, or MacHale and the other “remonstrants” foolish geese, that gabbled when it was not. It is not in a decision of the Vatican that you are to expect to find the plain, practical dictates of self-preservation overborne by a prudish regard to the mere merits of the case; and, in this matter of the Irish Colleges, even the drivellings of a “holy idiot” from Waterford might have been some indication to the sagacious tribunal, on which side safety lay.

Doctor MacHale is evidently no favorite with Don Jeremy, who seems to detect the tones of a less anthropophagous animal in the roar from the lion's skin at Tuam. In another part of the book we have this:

"Not a little disgust has been felt in ecclesiastical circles on receipt of the last Lenten pastoral of Dr. MacHale, dated February 15 (1847), contrasted, as it necessarily is, with the mild and considerate tone of similar official documents here. It appears that he inveighs amidst Irish famine against the 'soup-establishments with which this country is about to be inundated,' talks about 'breaking down the fences of discipline,' and sapiently adds, that 'this soup, without affording sufficient nutriment, has just as much of the juice of meat as would fill the poor with REMORSE!' An Indian fakir on the banks of the Ganges might be supposed to howl forth such ravings, not a Christian teacher."

And in another place, where he speaks of the rarity of the reception of any one not an Italian, into the Sacred College, we have this exquisite bit:

"The Irish seem to take their aboriginal and persevering exclusion from any power, place, or rank in the church they love, with surprising placidity. It is true that some rather curious candidates would be put forward for a hat, did the whim seize their patriots. We should have the 'Lion of Tuam' clamorously recommended by Mayo (*leonum arida nutrix*) and the 'Dove of Galway' anxiously put forward by Connaught (*nota quæ sedes fuit his columbis!*) to the combined horror and amazement of this knowing, grave, and Eternal City."

MacHale is not the only *Charlatan* who comes in for a rap of Don Jeremy's cudgel. Hear how he demolishes the mountebank of Breslau:—

"As to the so-called 'German Catholic church,' it bears about the same relation to Catholicity, as 'German silver' to the real article."

Among the reforms awaiting the hand of Pius IX. a momentous one is indicated by the following:—

A young man, named Francesco Sciarra, had sought all over the Campagna, from Frascati to Ardea, for work, and found none. Reduced to the last extremity, he resolved on selling his prayer-book—it brought him three *bajocchi*. This sum spent, he determined ("like a man," as Archdeacon Laffan would say) to kill the first person he met. This turned out to be a charcoal-burner, as poor as himself. The crime did not remain undiscovered; Sciarra was arrested, and, after two years spent in prison, was publicly executed in March, 1846. On this subject, Don Jeremy discourses thus:—

"Now wherefore was there no work for Francesco Sciarra, in that wide champain, with its

rich soil and its abounding pastures? The answer is simple—these lands are either held in mortmain by the church or the monks (which are two distinct categories), or by hospitals, or by such leviathan landowners as Borghese, Rospigliosi, Piombino, Barberini, and (a namesake of the criminal) Prince Sciarra. The churchlands are never improved by additional labor, because the incumbent has but a life-tenancy, and generally lives in Rome. The monks are migratory or reckless. The hospitals are gigantic jobs, where the plunder is divided between the highest and the lowest functionaries—a mere fractional part finding its way to the original humane object; and no funds can be spared for agricultural progress. The great land proprietors either have no taste for expensive improvements on a strictly entailed estate, or they have other, and less creditable pursuits; they feel themselves to be mere ciphers in the ecclesiastical dominions, without the natural influence of property and rank, and therefore deem themselves not answerable for the pauperism around them. So between the aristocracy and the church (the middle classes cannot get any land to purchase in the Campagna), the laborers are as little cared for as if they were tenants of an Irish absentee, or squatters of that Milesian El Dorado, Darrynane Beg.

"To return to the gallows: the prevalent feeling was, of course, pity for the young murderer, whose guilt was totally forgotten; and while the dismal preparation was being made, and pickpockets at work, masked pilgrims went round, making a collection for anticipative masses to benefit his soul. No one thought of including in the votive offering a bajocco for the soul of the poor charcoal-burner; the sympathy being all monopolized by the homicide, as in Ireland, and none left for his victim."

The efforts of the old government, to keep the sacred soil unpolluted by the invasion of modern improvement, Don Jeremy describes as a perpetual source of a sort of "quiet amusement, not untinged with a dash of melancholy," to strangers at Rome. The hatred to improvement, however, or to change of any kind, does not seem to have been confined to high quarters; and the following anecdote may illustrate some of the difficulties with which Pius IX. will have to cope, in "teaching his Romans the time of day." It is not only from owl-eyed cardinals, friends of Austria and ancient night, that the reforming Pope must be prepared for opposition: there are other old women in the eternal city, besides those who wear red hats:—

"One of the sculptors took a fancy to import from Liverpool an *Arnott* stove to warm his spacious studio this winter, and laid in his stock of Sabine coal with comfortable forethought; great was his glee at the genial glow it diffused through his workshop; but short are the moments of perfect enjoyment; in a few days a general outcry arose among the neighbours; the nasal organ at

Rome, guide-books describe as peculiarly sensitive: a mob of women clamored at the gate: they were all 'suffocated by the horrid *carbon fossile*.' Phthisis is fearfully dreaded here: with uproarious lungs they denounced him as a promoter of pulmonary disease. Police came; remonstrance was useless. The artist's *lars* were ruthlessly invaded, and his 'household gods shivered around him.' The Arnott Altar of Vesta now lies prostrate in his lumber-yard, quenched for ever!"

The sensitiveness of the nasal organ at Rome is particularly delectable: it is true that the smells which prevail there are of a somewhat different *tone* from that of *carbon fossile*; but, to our insular nostrils, the old familiar fireside odour would sometimes be welcome as a disinfectant.

But disinfectants, under Gregory, were not in good odour at the Vatican: perhaps that pontiff's large nose scented heresy at the bottom of them. Somewhere about the first of April (1846), appeared an edict for the suppression of all private gas-works, in which the gas was generated from this horrid *carbon fossile*. Such gas-works as manufactured the new light from other substances, less odious to papal olfactories, were suffered to continue in existence, but subject to "a thousand vexatary restrictions, and domiciliary visits from officials, who," says Don Jeremy, "as usual, must be bribed to report favorably;" that is, to report that there is no gas made from *carbon fossile* in that establishment. Further, to frighten private capitalists from making gas for themselves (even with the avoidance of *carbon fossile*), it was made known to them that "their private gas-generators would all be confiscated at some indetermined period, when it should please the wisdom of authority to establish government gas-works." Who can but subscribe to Don Jeremy's indignant outcry upon such blundering? —

"There is a refinement of stupidity in this proceeding, which requires no further development. Alas! there was a time when the Rome of Leo X. girded up her loins to walk in the vanguard of civilization, instead of being, as now, decrepit and bed-ridden; or, if you will, after the fashion of a midnight hag, squatted on the breast of heaving Italy. The IRON ROADS will, nevertheless, be made, and the *carbon fossile* shall redden the furnace of many a Roman steam-engine yet, and this very gas, now denounced, shall add new irradiancy to the majestic dome of Peter, which is just about to be illuminated with tallow for the blessed Easter festival!"

Let us, however, while we lift up our hands at the stupidity of the Pope, in so passionately rejecting *our* improvements, remember, for the correction of our pride, that there was a time

when we, with quite as much stupidity, if not with as much passion, rejected his. Of which Don Jeremy thus shrewdly puts us in mind: —

"We ourselves, in by-gone days, showed a similar dogged dullness in our refusal, for a century, to adopt the Gregorian calendar, because, though obviously right, it was derived from a papal source."

After all, bad a ruler as Gregory was, he was any thing but a bad man: the absurd system that took him out of a cloister, to place him upon a throne, must bear the blame of his miserable blunders in statesmanship. Small as was our author's estimation of his public merits, he renders a willing testimony to his personal worth, pronounces him "a genuine honest character," and says —

"When he dies, you may fairly reproduce the words of your Lord Bacon, concerning his namesake and predecessor: 'Gregory XIII. fulfilled the age of eighty-three years, an absolute good man, sound in mind and body, temperate, full of good works, and an alms-giver.'"

If he had been less consistent in his resistance to innovation, he might have been alive to this day; but he was a man who would as little deviate from the path of precedent to save his own life, as to improve the condition of his subjects. He had been assured by his medical advisers, that the only chance of averting speedy death was the amputation of his left leg. But from St. Peter down to himself, there had not been a pope with fewer legs than two, and Gregory would not be the first to go on one. He preferred dying, and he died; his determination to keep his footing, as Don Jeremy observes, reminding us of that fine outburst in Tacitus —

"OPORTET IMPERATOREM STANTEM MORI."

The death of a pope is the signal for a fine development of the spirit of intrigue; and no sooner was it known that Gregory XVI. was "gone the way of all Gregories," than Russia, France, Austria, and Spain, were, "each after its fashion, busy in the electoral field." Don Jeremy thought it time that "old Nicholas Breakspeare" (Adrian IV.), should at length see a compatriot on the list of Pontiffs, "were it only to rebut the prevalent notion, that the Italians have made a snug job of the popedom for themselves." But there was no chance of this, the conclave being quite sensible that it had but to elect a "Saxon" pope — and hear, by return of the post that brought the news to Ireland, that that outraged country had rushed, as one man, to St. Audoen's church, and read her recantation.

Cardinal Acton, therefore, was not chosen to fill the vacant chair, but Cardinal Mastai Ferretti was. This would seem to show, after all, that heaven *has* a hand in the disposal of the triple crown. At least such would be the conclusion of the late worthy old Cardinal Micara, who, if Fanny Kemble is to be depended on, said to Lambruschini, as these two poles of the Sacred College were on their way to the conclave together, "If the powers of darkness preside over the election, you'll be Pope: if the people had a voice, I'm the man; but, if heaven has a finger in the business, 't will be Ferretti."

The memorable "amnesty" was the first act by which Pius IX. proved that Micara was not mistaken. This paternal act restored near ten thousand Romans to their homes. It was the pontiff's own act, achieved in utter disregard and defiance of the lovers of oppression at home and abroad. "Not one of the officials in authority," says Don Jeremy, "could be got to sign the decree. HE SIGNED IT HIMSELF." Then, proceeds our author, in a strain of no common eloquence:—

"Rome arose in its transport of joy, like one man, and the kindred and friends of the banished did not feel more wild enthusiasm than the rest of the population. . . . From the ends of the earth, from the capital cities and seaports, and dark recesses of the whole Continent, the exiles came back, as Israel returning from a Babylonian captivity. The shout of welcome and the song of gladness was heard in the land.

"Then was felt that a new era was begun. The old crust of antiquated oppression had been broken, and a free current given to the gushings of humanity.

"Has the reader ever been in Hungary when, in the spring of the year, the Danube, icebound during winter, relents at the approach of a genial warmth, and with a sudden revulsion bursting the cold manacles in which it had lain enthralled, restores its capacious flood to fluency and freedom? It is a moment of annual recurrence, but one of unparalleled excitement and native grandeur. The watchmen on the banks above Buda have, for miles along the mighty river, transmitted from man to man the signal of the approaching outbreak. The guns from the citadel of Comorn have announced far upwards, and reverberated down the stream the joyful event; the surface of the wide flood has heaved up as in the throes of deliverance: vast fissures, with a thundering sound, have cloven the hitherto monotonous expanse of frozen waters; a general breaking-up is perceptible from brink to brink, and when a few hours have elapsed, amid the acclamations of the millions who dwell on the margin of that immemorial current, the combined voice of Hungary calls out that the ICE IS BROKEN, and the highway of nations made free once more.

"Year after year this phenomenon takes place in the presence of those various and manly tribes—

'Qui profundum Danubium bibunt;'

but it has not happened for centuries on the banks of the Roman river, where, though to all appearance the yellow waters had run their course with the semblance of a rapid flow, yet was the moral and intellectual progress of the Tiber checked, obstructed, and frozen, and after the dormant monotony of ages, it was reserved for the energy of Count Ferretti, to give the indwellers of the Eternal City a spectacle such as that above described. The guns of St. Angelo that announced his election, told Europe at the same time, that the old pathways of progress and civilization were re-opened, and that the ICE WAS BROKEN at Rome."

The reforms of Pope Pius IX. are now matter of history, and there is no need of our going into the details of them here, which is the more fortunate, as we should have no room now to do it. One or two extracts more, and we reluctantly close our task.

Money is very necessary to the existence of a government, and Pius has resolved on raising it by an income-tax, a measure which, says our Benedictine, "in the state of landed property throughout his dominions, is nothing short of a financial revolution." The money so raised, Mr. Vicary will be glad to learn, is not to be expended in finishing the Basilica of St. Paul. Says Don Jeremy—

"There can be no question that the apostle of the Gentiles deserves every reasonable testimonial, but prudence, not to speak of justice, would suggest the impropriety of 'robbing Peter to pay' his illustrious collaborator."

This great work, however, is not given up; indeed it would be a piece of great Vandalism to leave the unfinished Basilica as it is; but the allowance for it is reduced to one third, which will prevent its coming in the end as a burden upon the people. "The late Gregory," adds our author, "never took this view of things, being a simple monk." A devout work was, to him, a devout work; and if he beggared his subjects in doing it, why, he did but bring them the nearer to perfection, beggary being a holy state. Thus, two birds were killed with each stone added to the costly fabric: a saint in heaven was honored, and saints on earth were created by the same process.

But positive, as well as negative diminutions of the public burdens enter into the plans of the good pope. "The tax on salt, and that on corn ground on the mill (this latter most oppressive to the peasant, who is not allowed to grind his own corn), are to be abolished on the expiration

of the monopoly, now belonging to the great salt-seller, Torlonia." The abolition of the monopoly of salt will reduce the price of that article two thirds.

After a lively description of the measures taken to clear the eternal city of the plague of "beggardom," that infested all her thoroughfares, and rendered her church-doors almost unapproachable for people fastidious on the subject of *parasitic animals*; our author, in a subsequent "Letter," returns to the topic, and thus comments on the results of the experiment: we must premise that by "several simultaneous and well-directed *razzias*" made upon the astonished tribes of "beggardom" aforesaid, almost four hundred captives, of both sexes, were secured, and carried off, Grassellini knows whither. Church-porches were despoiled of what Chrysostom pronounces their most fitting ornaments — the maimed, the lame, and the blind (a sacrilege which Don Jeremy leaves to the reprobation of Mr. Pugin); the "vested interests of each ragged incumbent" were unscrupulously "set at nought;" and Rome, the next day, appeared, as Glasgow cathedral did to Andrew Fairservice, when "cleared of popish *eedols*," "as clowse as a cat when the fleas are kempt off her." And now for our extract:—

"You will be naturally curious to learn how the grand experiment of uprooting mendicity from Rome, described fully in my last, has been found to answer. Hitherto, the attempt appears very successful, and street-begging has, if not disappeared, assumed a very different attitude. The genuine Roman beggar was proverbially the most insolent and importunate of the whole tribe; the *Irus* of Homeric days was but a faint prototype of the class. To secure your alms seemed his right, and he pursued you like a bailiff armed with a warrant for exaction. These marauders have been captured and imprisoned: the highway now is clear to all: but there remains a few stragglers in the byeways,

'*Pauca tamen subeunt veteris destigia fraudis,*

principally composed of cripples and blind men, whose demeanour is subdued, and who merely rattle a tin canister, filled with a few seed *bajocchi*. The grand staircase of the *Trinità* exhibits a specimen or two, but not as it did of old, in such numbers as to rival the famous '*nix mangiare steps*' of Malta. The late Tom Hood described his blind man as 'a figure in *alto relievo*, who sought further relief;' as an instance of the '*clair obscur*, being seldom blind to his own interest;' as a 'human canister tied to a dog's tail;' and as a 'Venetian blind,' being pulled up and down by a string. But it is very remarkable that no one ever saw a blind man, in Rome, led about by a dog. Such an expedient never seems to have occurred to the natives here, or if the idea struck them, it seems to have

been rejected with scorn. Possibly the dogs here are not endowed with the instinct necessary to be intrusted with the guidance of a 'dark' man; but the fact is, that each sufferer, from 'gut serene,' or other 'dim suffusion,' takes care to secure the services of a strapping young woman, or a full-grown lad, whose whole time is given to the patient, and, of course, lost to the community. This is decidedly a more dignified style of thing than if dependent on a mere quadruped; or as Virgil has it—

'*Canibus data præda Latinis.*'"

What follows is worthy the attention of Mr. Richardson:—

"And as we are on the subject of dogs, I may as well notice some particulars of the habits of this animal, in connexion with the general subject. Louis Bonaparte (Prince of *Canino*), brother-in-law of Mr. Wyse, and rival of Charles Waterton in knowledge of brute instincts, has drawn the attention of naturalists to the system of life pursued by the dogs of Rome. You are aware that little sewerage exists here, except the *cloaca maxima*; and that having no regular dustmen, or street contractors, the inhabitants are accustomed to throw out the garbage and refuse of their houses, which is deposited generally in some blind corner, appointed for that purpose by the police, and decorated with a large inscription on the wall, *IMMONDEZZAIO*; i. e. 'rubbish shot here.' It appears that though several hundreds of these established dépôts exist in Rome, not one is unappropriated, but has become by usurpation, or regular transfer, the fee-simple of some particular dog, who will not suffer his rights of *flotsam* and *jetsam* to be invaded by any squatter or new comer, but rules supreme master of the dung-heap he has acquired. Some cases of copartnership in a dirty corner have been observed, but generally with brothers, on the death of the parent; and desperate battles occur occasionally about 'fixity of tenure,' as in Tipperary. The unsuccessful claimant, on ejection, has no resource but the general run of the streets:—

'*Heu! magnum alterius frustra spectabit acervum!*'

I know not whether these details be considered sublime enough for your perusal; but they may furnish you with an humble illustration of the famous con-acre system of Ireland, as practised by the patriotic landlords of that model community."

Here, we must say, Don Jeremy does not deal with his usual candor with the "landlords of Ireland," who get shot just because they will not "patronize the con-acre system."

Gladly would we transcribe our author's picturesque account of "the grand ceremony of taking formal possession of the Lateran church," which, for one day (November 8, 1846), seemed to throw back the eternal city into the midst of

the gorgeous times of feudal romance, peopling her high streets with the forms of the middle ages, and consigning the tailor of the nineteenth century to an oblivion of twenty-four hours. But space forbids us to turn our page into a "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and we can only afford the following rare bit, the conclusion of the picture:—

"No Roman triumph, nor Mediæval pageant, could have surpassed what I witnessed to-day. To realize *one* part of the classic procession, there was only wanting the Rev. Dr. Newman, Ambrose St. John, and George Talbot, to walk in the character of war-captives—

'Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus viâ.'

An instance of good taste was exhibited by the Irish seminary at Rome on this occasion. While all other decorations that met the eye of the Pontiff on his triumphal way, displayed the white and yellow, the hereditary colors of his house, the fathers of the institution above-mentioned thrust in his face "a huge *green* banner, bearing a harp *uncrowned*, and other heraldic puzzles," to the great mystification of the eternal city. These worthies were, evidently, fitter to figure at some raffish "repale" meeting, than to have a place among those who celebrated the inauguration of the Mastai Ferretti.

Many and many a passage, rarer and racier than any we have yet transferred to our columns, had we marked for extraction, in this pleasantest of last year's books; but—but—Well, we have only ourselves to blame.—Why did we twaddle so long with Mr. Vicary?

One doubt we have, with relation to the course which the present ruler of the Latin Church has judged it wise to take—a doubt as to its ultimate results. We are not entirely without misgivings, as we watch the progress of pontifical reform. With all these changes, will Rome seem to us Rome, should it be in store for us to see her again? A ring of railway *termini* girdling her like a belt of wampum, and, with their modern trimness, making her ancient walls seem seedy; gas-lights dissipating for ever the holy darkness of her streets, not leaving one inscrutable prescriptive corner, where, *stiletto* in hand, the *ladrone* might await his prey; a dozen different newspapers coming out every morning, an English one ("edited by the son of the late poetic Mrs. Hemans,") among the rest; the afternoon, as marked by the horologe of the Quirinal, beginning with one o'clock, instead of thirteen;* the *guardia nobile* helmeted like

Brutus and Cassius, instead of being cocked-hatted like so many drum-majors of the Great Frederic;† the *Ghetto* the site of an *école de natation*, and the Jews living where they please; beggars a reminiscence of the past, vermin an object of enthusiasm to the antiquary, and stinks relegated to Cologne; "nationals" mounting guard, in place of Swiss *condottieri*; the streets perambulable on a rainy day without the risk of being stunned by a shower-bath at every sixth step, from the spouts projecting from the house-tops; Torlonia un-duked, and an English ambassador inhabiting a palace in the Corse! Shall we recognize "the Niobe of nations" out of mourning? And will this "new face" of an "old friend" please us as well as the one we were used to? We wish nothing better than that our good star may speedily put us in a way to answer these questions.

What can we say more, except breathe a fervent prayer that Pope Pius IX. may live as long as the popedom.

—
POSTSCRIPT.—We have been guilty of a great, though unintentional, injustice to the authorities of the Irish seminary at Rome. It was not at that institution that the "Repale" flag was stuck under the Pope's nose, but at the Church of St. Clement's, which our author describes as being "celebrated on many accounts, and now tenanted by a few Irish friars." Apparently, these Irish friars had forgotten that the festival of the 8th of November was held in honor of Pope Pius IX., and not in theirs.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

—
RELIGION has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love; and purifies at the same time that it exalts; but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt: when submission in faith, and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures—undecaying sources of consolation; then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever.—*Sir H. Davy.*

Quirinal Palace marks the hours no longer in the old-fashioned and exploded system of twenty-four hours continuous, but in the duodecimal used on your side of the Alps. It is an humble effort to teach his Romans the 'time of day.'—PROUT.

† "The most novel feature was the brilliant appearance of the Noble Guard, in their new steel helmets. This new head-gear is after the fancy of Pius himself, who is a connoisseur in military points, and has produced something superior to your 'Albert hat.'"—PROUT.

* "As a trifling indication of the Pope's anxiety to bring his states into better unison with the other civilized communities of Europe, the great clock of the

THE PRINCESS.

The Princess; a Medley. By ALFRED TENNYSON.

No poem should be judged decisively at a first reading — but this new poem of Mr. Tennyson's least of all. It is cast in a form which few readers will take kindly to. Nevertheless, let them read on — and again. It is not unsafe to begin with a little aversion, where love lies waiting for you.

Not the least interesting question raised by this book is whether or not Mr. Tennyson has shown an advance of power. We think he has. No luckless poet has been more pelted with his laurels, but not always considerably. We are content that he should leave unsurpassed the mere verbal melody, the lyrical sweetness, of his first utterances in song; since he has far overpassed that circle of the sensuous which appeared to bound him at the first. His sense of the beautiful could never have been more luscious, gorgeous, delicate than seventeen years ago; but it has become chastened, and is less alloyed. Mind and heart have come up with ear and eye. Enlarged views, increased knowledge, powers in all respects maturing, show the unwearied student. Take the versification of the poem before us, and (making allowance for some wilfully prosaic lines) say if all that in that respect has won most admiration for Mr. Tennyson be not here in sustained completeness. Sweetness and music have found variety and strength. The same instrument is giving forth a more quiet fulness and depth of sound. Thought, feeling, and expression, are balanced with happier and more finished results. Sometimes we object to what seems an echo from the days of Elizabeth's great men; but it is such only as could have reached us through a man of kindred greatness. We will not say that the poem is not irregular, even clumsy, in its structure; but it is built of gold. Nor, whatever may be objected to its plan, can it be urged that the foundations are lofty and the erection mean. The poet has avoided that error. He lays down a very humble ground-work, with whatever ambition he may aspire to rise above it.

The poem is really what the poet calls it, a *Medley*; being a summer's tale told after the fashion of a Christmas game by a "set" of college students. Assembled in the summer vacation at an old English country house, the home of one of them, whose sister Lilia

("A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her —")

laughs at their college talk, and threatens them with a college of her own to which men shall not be suffered to approach,

" . . . one said smiling 'Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet-girl graduates in their golden hair;'"

and out of such laughing talk the story springs. It is to be of the character of the scene that surrounds them, and to suit the time and place.

But the story-tellers are sitting at a luncheon "silver-set," among the old Gothic ruins in the park; the broken statue of an old feudal ancestor is popped up nigh them, gaily enrobed with Lilia's silken scarf; on the lawn of the modern Greek-built mansion beyond, the members of the institute of the neighbouring borough are holding happy holiday with their children, putting science into sport; and to suit all this, and take up the talk of college, what other than a *Medley* should the story be?

A princess is its heroine, and a prince who had been betrothed to her in childhood is supposed to tell it. The old regal fathers (a brace of kingly portraits very perfectly contrasting the easiness and the wilfulness of kings) have a compact that their children shall wed; but the girl opposes it as she approaches womanhood, prevails on her father to give her his summer palace and gardens on the border between the two kingdoms, and, penetrated with man's injustice and impelled by the counsels of two ladies of her court, has founded a college for women there, to redress past centuries of her sex's wrong. The prince's father, with help of some hundred thousand men, is for bringing her to the altar in "a whirlwind;" but the prince, loving her already from her portrait, prefers with two companions to follow her, and try to win entrance to her college. They disguise themselves as girls, it being death for men to enter. All these details are charmingly given, and our dry summary does them no justice.

Then comes the action of the poem, and the grave sweet purpose that lies hidden beneath its burlesque peeps out and shows itself. Thus they find the head of the college:

" . . . at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man's earth: such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

Nor is the stately grandeur of her welcome unworthy of that picture of herself:

"We give you welcome: not without redound
Of fame and profit unto yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me."

Her two chief tutors are her two counsellors, Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche. The first is a dreadful old blue with a charming little daughter Melissa:

("A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly,
(Her mother's color) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seem to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas;")

— and the second is a pretty young widow with a babe "a double April old," who is in fact the sister of one of the Prince's companions. To her lecture room the three (supposed) tall young northern damsels are assigned, where

"Sat along the forms, *like morning doves*
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils;"

amid whom they take their place, and listen to the lecture. This, we are bound to say, is admirable. Herschel, making allowance for disputed points in the nebular theory, could not have beat Lady Psyche at —

"This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets;"

nor is she less a match for a Whewell or a Sewell when she runs with zest through "all the ungracious past," and at each dark step of its ill-acted history assails "the gray preëminence of man." Still higher and higher with her theme she rises, till it exalts her into a prophetess of that Future which *they* will have the power to make.

"Everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth,
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

A classic lecture follows:

("Rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous Epic lifted out,
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever.")

and then comes Hall. You see them passing in among the columns to dinner,

"Pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair,
In colors gayer than the morning mist,
The long hall glittered like a bed of flowers;"

and after Hall you follow them to the gardens, seeing pictures of the evening idleness of each; and then

"When day
Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world."

— And so ends the college day.

We cannot of course follow the story out in the same detail, but the reader must come with us on a day's country excursion with the Princess, who invites the three new students as a Master might three freshmen to dinner. When they have reached a fitting spot they pitch their tent of satin,

("Elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman conqueror; woman conquer'd there
The bearded victor of ten-thousand hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his side");

— and after fruit and wine, music is called for, and a maiden sings. The song is not pleasing to the Princess. Its luxurious sadness is not of heroic temper, nor does its yearning affection sort with college aspirations. But therefore is it the finer manifestation of the poet's art. From out its dreamy lingering music rises so much of the very soul of gentleness and womanhood, that, in its heavenly tenderness and sweetness, colleges and professors fade far away. As a piece of writing it is not to be excelled, even in the wonderful melodies of Tennyson (unless it be by a pastoral on Love's home which occurs at the close of the poem):

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

The discovery of the Prince and his companions follows hard upon this, but we cannot dwell on its details. In the confusion which ensues he is the means of saving the life of the Princess, but this in no respect abates her wrath and scorn. There is flight and capture, and the offenders are threatened with death. Then comes upon the scene a counter-threatening from the Prince's father, who has suddenly made descent upon the father of the Princess; and exaggerated rumors, and fears of armed men, and numberless undistinguishable dreads, take possession of the college.

" . . . There rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gather'd together; from the illumin'd hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamor grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded: *high above them stood*
The placid marble Muses looking peace.

"Not peace, she look'd, the Head: but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glazes ruin, and the wild sea-birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and
call'd
Across the tumult and the tumult fell."

This is solid, noble writing. The epic calmness of that last half line is masterly indeed. But from the midst of the silence the voice of Ida is heard again. In vain, with passionate fervor, the Prince pleads his cause; in vain the two lady tutors, who had discovered the masquing before the Princess did, and been induced to conceal it, sue against dismissal: Ida drives them forth with resolute scorn, separating Lady Psyche from her babe, and retaining the child for companion and comforter. The poet's art and insight are shown in such traits as these. The woman is the woman still, and can as little disguise herself completely as the Prince or his associates.

But now the scene shifts to the camp upon the borders, where, as in a romance by Scott or a picture by Maclise,

" . . . The two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved and blew,
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded Squire."

War is here thirsted for by the Prince's father, who protests that in no other fashion should a man hope to win a girl's affections,

("Tut, you know them not, the girls:
They prize hard knocks and to be won by force.
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses.'")

but the Prince will not have war. Ida is nevertheless obdurate, and finds armed advocates and warriors to espouse her cause, in her stalwart brother Arac and his captains

("Anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out: nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest
Was Arac: *all about his motion clung*
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that played upon them, made them
glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnished by the frosty dark:")

indignant at the invasion of their kingdom. A tourney of fifty knights from either side is at length proposed for settlement of the matters in dispute; and this being gallantly fought upon a plain within sight of the College walls, the Prince is left for dead upon the field, and the brothers of the Princess, themselves with others wounded, are declared the victors. Then are the College gates burst open, and crowds of girls with Ida at their head seen issuing forth—

"Anon
Thro' the open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said, 'You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.'"

So can she only celebrate her triumph by yielding what it had professed to win. As charmingly is this executed as conceived. Victory is gained: but in her hands it is useless,

save as a means of gentle ministration; and, warmed by woman's angel offices, the woman's nature can play the Amazon no more. The Prince is nursed and tended by Ida till she loves him. And love then shows greater than the knowledge she would have put in its place; for knowledge, as mere power, is nothing, whereas love is truth, embracing all that makes knowledge worth aspiring for. Thus the purpose of the poem is not to depreciate the intellectual or moral claims of women

("The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to the goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight natur'd, miserable,
How shall men grow?")

but to give them their just direction; and its moral is uttered in these beautiful, most majestic, most musical words.

"For woman is not undevelop't man
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natur'd Poet each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the stately Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridal, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

The Princess yields, and the poem ends with their betrothment.

"My bride,
My wife, my life. *O we will walk this world,*
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows."

Before we close the volume, or proceed to speak, briefly as we may, of its impression as an entire poetic work, let us cull some special beauties more, suited to what scanty space remains to us, from among the star-like clusters that sparkle through its pages.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

"Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,

Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved
And girdled her with music."

IDA CHANGED BY LOVE.

"From mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; *and all*
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, *when she came*
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,
And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee!"

That final turn is masterly; but the passage is altogether one of the most exquisite in the poem.

A FINE SIMILE.

"Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept;
Her head a little bent; *and on her mouth*
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water."

LADIES' HAND-WRITING.

"And I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East."

THE COLLEGE PRIZE FOR METAPHYSICS.

"How," she cried, "you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,
A golden brooch: *beneath an emerald plane*
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died.
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her!"

We hope some master in the dainty art of gem-manufacture will lose no time in putting forth that gem. The poet deserves the prize for suggesting the device.

A NURSERY PICTURE.

"We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd."

THE HALL OF A MODERN ENGLISH MANSION.

"From vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
From the isles of palm: and higher on the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefather's arms and armor hung."

The line there marked with italics is a poet's line; one of those charming toys of art with

which the great artist condescends to amuse his invention. Its sound is the thing described. The vowels wind round each other like the encircling bits of ivory.

TRANSITORY GRIEFS OF YOUTH.

" . . . For I was young, and one
To whom the shadow of all mischance but came
As night to him *that sitting on a hill*
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun,
Set into sunrise."

A WISH FOR THE TIME.

"I wish the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out."

LOVE'S TEACHING.

"I learnt more from her in a flash,
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in."

VILLAGERS IN THE GREAT MAN'S PARK.

"A herd of boys with clamor bowl'd
And the stump'd wicket; *babies roll'd about*
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end."

Now of the beauties of this new poem of Alfred Tennyson's, we think there cannot be a doubt after what we have quoted. Everywhere we have traces of the footsteps of a genuine poet, of a man of true and fervid genius. The flowers and the fruits of poetry are scattered round in tropical profusion. Fitly, and with beautiful decision, the finest words fall into the aptest places. The structure of the verse follows the thoughts as their echo. We have pictures in abundance, and in many styles. A severe simplicity sets off the wealthiest exuberance. The familiar and the lofty, the ideal and the homely, the comic and the tragic, run side by side, obedient to a master's hand. There is also character, nicely conceived, subtly drawn forth, and sustained with dramatic exactness. In short, there is hardly an element of first-rate poetry which is not contained in the *Princess*. Yet the question remains whether or not it is a great poem, and we fear the answer must be a negative. Mr. Tennyson has more than redeemed his reputation; has indeed materially advanced it; yet has failed to satisfy us. So exacting is a hearty admiration.

We take the philosophy of his work to be thoroughly sound, and not so superfluous as it may seem to some. Several very thoughtful and subtle questions are opened up in it; many truths evolved that profoundly affect us in our human relations; many that concern not a little

those social ills to which it supremely behoves the poet to apply his healing art, his "medicinal gums." The idea, too, is thoroughly original. Mr. Tennyson's learned ladies have no affinity to the *savantes* or the *precieuses*. The matter involved is altogether different. Few will be disposed to laugh at Lady Ida; rather, all will be ready with allegiance. Various and abundant as Mr. Tennyson's raptures have been in honor of the Claribels, and Lilians, and Isabels, and Madelines, and Adelines, and Eleanores — glorious as his dreams of fair women always are — this poem in that respect surpasses all, and outdoes his former outdoings." The ladies should vote him a testimonial. We, men, look poor beside them in the *Princess*. The College fails but for a greater triumph, and the Palace of Love that springs up in its place has far fairer and more beautiful proportions.

Still we say, what the poem contains is greater than the poem itself. Why should Mr. Tennyson have thrown all this into a *medley*? He had something serious to say — why graft it on burlesque? Some modesty there may be, but there is also some sense of weakness; and neither, in Mr. Tennyson, were called for. Eminently, in the manliness of his thoughts, in the largeness of his view, and in his power of clothing the familiar in our human passions and affections "with golden exhalations of the dawn," he is worthy to be the poet of our time. Why does he not assume his mission? Why does he discredit it with trifling and with puerilities unworthy of him? The "set" for whom he too much writes at present, are not the world for whom he should be writing. In the *Princess* we have more decisive evidence of his powers for a sustained and solid exercise of poetry than has heretofore been given. But it is yet only an omen for the future. Its glorious promise has yet to be fulfilled. — *Examiner*.

Reynolds took the altitude of a man's taste by his stories and his wit, and of his understanding by the remarks which he repeated, (he being a weak man who quotes common things as oracles,) and observed that the real character of a man was found out by his amusements. Johnson agreed with him, and said, No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all; the mind will contract rust, and an unfitness for every good thing; and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to the worst sort of waste — to sin and vice. — *Burnet*.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE SEER.

The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind. By and through ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and "Clair-voyant."

There is a question which has been frequently asked,—and never, to our knowledge, satisfactorily answered. The circumstances of the time constantly revive it; and no sooner has it served one purpose than it is wanted for another. That question is,—What next?

We hardly know which most to wonder at,—the novelties of fact in our day, the novelties of opinion, or the adherence to old absurdity. We travel by an express train forty miles an hour;—which one of our fellow-voyagers remarks is rather slow. But even at this pace the news of our starting is almost instantaneously conveyed to our destination: and, two minutes after, a message is carried which passes us at the rate of some hundred thousand miles in a second along a line of parallel wires. One of our companions is an astrologer; who, after making a comfortable livelihood by telling fortunes from the stars, has been tempted a little further by some malignant planet,—and will find a couple of constables waiting for him. Another is a mesmerist; at whose side is a little boy who reads Greek with his shoulder blades, and gives directions how to cure complaints which he never heard of in persons whom he never saw. A gentleman returning from Egypt, is going to tell his mother how a magician at Cairo described her, the fireplace, and the old Bible, by looking into a black drop: for which the old lady will censure him as having dealt with those who have familiar spirits. An accident happens, and a poor man is left behind to the care of a surgeon, who forthwith throws him into a trance and takes off his leg as coolly as if he were a subject in the dissecting room, while he is dreaming of being in Paradise. During the journey, the astrologer, the mesmerist, and the wizard-finder, discuss their experiences and delight us by their candor and philosophy. Nothing, they tell us, is so unworthy of a reasonable being as to reject what he cannot understand:—each has his unanswerable evidence for his miraculous narration. To be sure, we are rather shocked by the shout of laughter which they all three raise when an elderly man in the carriage, tempted by their professions of indulgence for all inquiries and calm toleration of apparent incredibilities, narrates how he always altered his luck at whist by blowing his

nose and changing his chair. For ourselves, we wonder where serious inquiry is to end. We cannot see how, because it is beyond us, we are to deride the use of the pocket handkerchief, when stars, shoulder blades, and drops of ink are capable of doing such extraordinary things. We think to ourselves,—if we were in a fog which prevented our seeing beyond our noses, and our three companions were to assure us that a mile off they could see, the first a steeple, the second a forest, and the third a river, it would puzzle us to know how they could decently laugh at the fourth who professed to espy a windmill. We get out of the carriage, however, and having seen the astrologer walk off with his new friends,—against whom the stars had given him no warning,—we determine to be very philosophical the next time an opportunity offers. Nor are we long without one;—for we find waiting for us the book which we now take in hand. Well is it for us that we have received our lecture from the astrologer, the mesmerist, and the wizard finder:—we might have been disposed to quiz, Heaven knows, if such a thing had come in our way before the journey. But we take our whole lesson: and stand prepared for any thing and every thing,—from a gambler's nostril to the stars in heaven,—from pitch and toss to manslaughter.

Years ago, when religious excitement was stirred by the alarming state of politics which Mr. Hallam significantly alluded to as "the gathering in the heavens" and made one of his reasons for winding up his *History of Literature*,—the disturbance propagated itself in a portion of the community which calls itself the *religious world*;—a phrase at which certain recollections of the New Testament always make us smile. A sect arose which took screaming to be evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit: and there are numbers alive who firmly believed in that presence and dignified unintelligible language by the name of *revelation*.—The minds of men were then "curiously stirred as if by hot air," like the hair of Marley's ghost. If such things could be in England, what might we look for in America:—where the vagaries which are sure to exhibit themselves in countries that are both earnest and free are said to take stranger forms than even among us;—where men dig up gospels, and separate themselves and retire into the roomy parts of the States that they may be founders of sects the distinctions of which make Moravians and Quakers appear Roman Catholics slightly altered!—The Union has now sent us

a new Swedenborg, — but not a man of acquired learning. He is to give us real *revelations*, derived from his own spirit: no screaming nor unknown language, but information upon mind, matter, and social life. An unlearned youth, who reached his twenty-first birth-day only while his book of revelations — containing more bulk of matter than the whole New Testament — was being printed, is to prove by his knowledge of what is known the genuineness of his inspiration as to what is not. He is to give us a mixture of that which we can contradict if it be false with that which we cannot either verify or contradict: and is to show us, by the impossibility of his having acquired the former by any human means, his claim to have the latter received with reverence if not with adoration. Nothing can be fairer. There is something downright about it. The process of hundreds of mystics, who thought they copied the apostles when they demanded blind faith in something unintelligible, is wholly avoided, — and the plan of the apostles themselves is imitated. Nor can we avoid noticing that it is so, — for a comparison is most obviously challenged. The ignorant youth is asserted, by men of education, to have performed feats in their presence which, if there be neither imposture nor delusion, prove intercourse with the supernatural world: — unless, indeed, there be natural means by which a mind can communicate with the stars. We proceed to describe the circumstances of the case. These are set forth in an introduction signed by William Fishbough, — the “Scribe,” as he is called, of this Revelation.

Andrew Jackson Davis is stated to be the son of a poor shoemaker, now residing at Poughkeepsie. He was born on the 11th of August 1826. “The boy’s school tuition was confined to about five months, during which time he learned to read imperfectly, to write a fair hand, and to do simple sums in arithmetic.” Our readers will observe that this is very considerable progress for five months; and it is essential to remark this, because Davis is represented by his Scribe as of very moderate talent. But to proceed. From early youth he was kept at manual operations. He was never known to frequent public libraries, and was seldom known to take up a book. His reading consisted at most of four or five hundred desultory pages of light matter. John Hinchman, an employer of his father, E. C. Southwick and S. S. Lapham, residents of Poughkeepsie, I. Armstrong, under whom Davis himself worked as a shoemaker, and the Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly of Poughkeepsie, testify to this effect: — but not all in the same degree. Mr. Hinchman testifies to an “inquiring disposition, which, however, was not remarkable to a great extent;” and Mr. Bartlett

says that “he possessed an inquiring mind, loved books, especially controversial religious works, which he always preferred, whenever he could borrow them and obtain leisure for their perusal. Hence, he was indebted to his individual exertions for some creditable advances which he made in knowledge. He became a good thinker.” This is much at variance with the Scribe’s account.

In December, 1843, W. Levingston, a tailor of Poughkeepsie, was excited by certain lectures to try his power at mesmerizing. He succeeded with young Davis; made him become clairvoyant, describe places he had never seen, read with his eyes bandaged, &c. After some months, the latter resisted further experiments except for some practical end, — declared that he could cure diseases, — and was, we are informed, surprisingly successful. The next step is too important to be conveyed in any words but those of the Scribe himself. —

“On the 7th of March, 1844, he fell, without the assistance of the magnetic process, into a strange abnormal state, during which phenomena occurred of the most surprising character. For the greater of the time during two days, he seemed to be entirely insensible to all external things, and to live wholly in the interior world. Possessing, however, an increased power over his physical system, he travelled a long distance during this time without any apparent fatigue. It was during this extraordinary state of his mental and physical system that he received information of a very general character, of his future and peculiar mission to the world. The process by which this information was received, with many other things of intense interest, shall be made public after questions by which the phenomena may be rationalized shall have been more thoroughly discussed on independent grounds. By minds duly prepared, it may now be conceived on reading the portion of this volume which treats on the Spiritual Spheres.”

Davis continued with Levingston from March, 1844, to August, 1845; during which period they made medical excursions to Bridgeport and other places. In February, 1845, the two being at Bridgeport, formed acquaintance with Dr. S. S. Lyon, — who was afterwards selected by young Davis as his revelation-mesmerizer. This Dr. Silas Lyon is represented as then an unbeliever in clairvoyance, subsequently convinced by Davis’s case. The Scribe himself first met with Davis at Poughkeepsie, in July, 1844. He there, he declares, heard him when in the *abnormal state* employ the technical terms of anatomy, physiology, and *materia medica*, as familiarly as household words. From “infallible indications presented,” he “saw that there could be no collusion nor deception, and no such thing as receiving his impressions sympathetically from the

mind of the magnetizer."—What manner of man is this? The mesmerists, we know, are of opinion that there may be and are singular communications between the minds of the mesmeric agent and patient. But we did not know that any one of them made it his boast to have arrived at the infallible indications of the absence of this communication.

In May, 1845, the Scribe, being then at Bridgeport, learned that a series of "lectures and revelations" were about to be undertaken: but declares he had not the least idea of being the reporter till thirty hours before their actual commencement.

"About the first of the following August, Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant state, voluntarily chose Dr. Lyon to be his magnetizer during the delivery of this book, this choice neither having been solicited nor in the least degree anticipated by Dr. L., until it was announced. In obedience to the direction of the clairvoyant, Dr. Lyon immediately relinquished a remunerative and increasing practice in Bridgeport, and removed to New York, in which city the clairvoyant decided that the revelations should be delivered. The object of so early a removal to that city was, to establish, before the lectures commenced, a medical practice that might in some measure assist in sustaining them while said lectures were in progress."

This paragraph is significant. It connects the revelations with the removal of Dr. Lyon from Bridgeport to establish himself in New York. One of the explanations of the whole phenomenon hangs upon this sentence,—and one which must undergo discussion.—We will now make another extract. It is one proof, we presume, of the revelation, that its apostles were one after another found to obey the first call.—

"On the 27th of November, 1845, residing at the time in New Haven, Connecticut, we received per mail a note from Dr. Lyon, stating that we had been appointed by Mr. Davis, while in the clairvoyant state, as the scribe to report and prepare for the press his lectures, which were to commence immediately. This appointment was entirely unsolicited (we will not say undesired) by ourself; and so far from anticipating such an honor, we were then busily engaged in making arrangements to remove to Massachusetts. The next day, however, we embarked for New York, and in the evening wrote Mr. Davis's first lecture at his dictation—subsequently agreeing to write and prepare the whole for the press. Before Mr. Davis commenced his lectures, he voluntarily, while in the abnormal state, chose the three witnesses mentioned in his address to the world, to be present as their circumstances would allow, at the delivery of the lectures, in order to be able to testify of the medium through which they were given. Rev. J. N. Parker has since removed to Boston;

Theron R. Lapham resides at present at Poughkeepsie, New York; and T. Lea Smith, M. D., is in Bermuda."

There are twenty-three incidental witnesses named: but we are informed that "indiscriminate admittance" "would have been as impracticable as it was unnecessary." Why so?—Because "the presence of persons whose 'spheres' were uncongenial" always disturbed the revealer. "Yet such applicants as were actuated by a supreme desire to know the *truth* irrespective of their *previous opinions* were generally admitted, to a number ranging from one to six, whether they were believers or unbelievers in clairvoyance." How was it ascertained, we may ask, who was and who was not actuated by this "supreme desire"? What were the "infallible indications"? The *manuscripts*, we are informed, were always open to the inspection of the curious,—meaning, we suppose, the first manuscripts as taken from the revealer's mouth. As to the shape in which they come to us, we have the following information.—

"The time occupied in the delivery of a lecture varied from forty minutes to about four hours, and the quantity of matter delivered at a sitting varied from three to fifteen pages of foolscap closely written. There were one hundred and fifty-seven lectures in all, the first being delivered November 28, 1845, and the last (viz., the 'address to the world,' which comes first in the book) was delivered on the 25th of January, 1847. On closing the address to the world, the author immediately proceeded to give general directions as to the corrections of the manuscripts, and the preparation of the work for the press. These directions (preserved in writing and subscribed by a witness) I have scrupulously followed to the best of my ability. With the exception of striking out a few sentences and supplying others, according to direction, I have only found it necessary to correct the grammar, to prune out verbal redundancies, and to clarify such sentences as would to the general reader appear obscure. All *ideas* have been most scrupulously preserved, and great care has been taken to give them to the reader in the precise aspect in which they appeared when received from the speaker. We have, also, conscientiously abstained from adding any ideas of our own. Also all comparisons, and technical and foreign terms and phrases, and all peculiarities of expression, are exclusively the speaker's. When we have found it necessary to reconstruct sentences, we have employed, as far as possible, only the verbal materials found in the sentence as it first stood, preserving the peculiarities of style and mode of expression. The *arrangement* of the work is the same as when delivered, except that in three instances contiguous paragraphs have been transposed for the sake of a closer connexion. With these unimportant qualifications, the work may be con-

sidered as paragraph for paragraph, sentence for sentence, and word for word, as it was delivered by the author."

Mr. Chapman, the English publisher, who seems to be a believer (to the extent, at least, of strongly inclining to the opinion of a spiritual agency), and who has written a commendatory preface, cites one more witness, Prof. George Bush, of New York,—whose name is known in this country. This gentleman, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, dated September 1, 1847, writes as follows:—

"From a careful study of the whole matter, from its inception to its completion, I am perfectly satisfied that the work is the production of an ignorant young man, utterly and absolutely incompetent, in his natural state, to the utterances it embodies. I have not a shadow of doubt that it was given forth by him in a peculiar abnormal state, *for some portions of it I heard with my own ears, and can testify that what I now read printed accurately corresponds to what I have heard spoken.*"

We presume that by "accurate correspondence" Mr. Bush does not mean absolute verbal agreement. It would have been much to the purpose if Mr. Bush had given us reference to *those portions*; for much of the book might have been spoken without miracle, though not without matter of surprise, by a dreamy young man who had read some controversial theology. Let our reader distinctly understand that we do not, on any supposition, regard this book and the proceedings attending it as commonplace or easily explained. Be it fraud, delusion, or mixture,—be it mesmerism or newly-invented communication with the spiritual world, or downright revelations,—be it any one of these, or any thing else, it is very curious. As soon as the right name is found for it, we will be the first to call it, of that name, extraordinary—very extraordinary.

We shall proceed next week to the 'Revelation' itself—and our comment thereon; and confine ourselves for the present to one or two preliminary remarks on a portion of the evidence on which, as above quoted, the revelation is made to rest. It is most unfortunate for the Scribe who has a document so extraordinary as this to offer for our acceptance, that he should have been compelled to admit any tampering with its terms at all. That a seer "commercing" with all the mysteries of Nature should have needed an editor in this technical sense is remarkable enough. It might have been supposed that the Revelation which brought to an uneducated man the secrets of Science might have brought him grammar, too, to express them in. At any rate,

it left itself imperfect when it failed to do so. The first thing which *he* has to do who delivers to us a strange and incredible message, is to prove beyond cavil the integrity of his report. Let him confess to alteration in any sense or degree, and the authenticity of the document is destroyed. Who knows to what extent of perversion the corrective instrument may have been used by him who thought it lawful to use it at all? In all translations we are nearly sure to have something of the translator himself. We have no notion of the uninspired Scribe correcting the inspired instructor. We can have no confidence, under such circumstances, that some of the inspiration itself may not be Mr. Fishbough's own—and have an earthly origin. When he talks of omitting sentences and supplying others, our faith in the genuineness of the message is gone. The Scribe assures us that he has given us the author's *ideas*;—since he chose to alter his words, we can have no assurance of any such thing. This is an unfortunate defect in the evidence—and comes of the higher intelligences not knowing American grammar. Mr. Davis's spiritual instructors seem to have had the power of teaching him every thing but syntax.

There is one other curious consideration attending the forms—not the mere syntax—of this Revelation. Suppose the Supreme Governor of the Universe should choose to make a communication to the world, by the mouth of a child in years or a child in knowledge—an infant or a Poughkeepsie Seer—it is scarcely probable that such communications should bear the mark of second-hand. The message would have the freshness of its origin upon it—the Almighty would not have needed to borrow from Fichte. A divine revelation would not have been indebted to a German philosopher for its matter and an American Scribe for its grammar. Our "young men" need not "dream dreams" to learn what has long been familiarly taught—nor our visionaries travel beyond the stars to read Fichte! These absurdities lie on the very surface of this matter—and the bearing them in mind will make our plunge into the mysteries of the Revelation itself, next week, the less bewildering.—*Athenaeum*.

SUPERFINE PROOFS.—*A Proof of Kindness*.—Getting any one to accept an Art-Union engraving.

A Proof of Gratitude.—Getting a person, not only to accept one, but actually to say "thank you," and afterwards to frame it.

A Proof of the latter is exceedingly rare, and would, we are confident, fetch a very high price amongst connoisseurs.—*Punch*.

O U R S T R E E T

Is probably not equal to the adventures of "the Mulligan of Ballymulligan" as regards freshness of subject and Milesian richness; and it has not so continuous a story. In variety, general satire, the absence of an approach to dramatic exaggeration, and a description of London life in a newly-built region, with hits at passing occurrences "hot and hot," *Our Street* surpasses its predecessor. The outline or frame-work is as follows. On his return from study at Rome, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh took a second floor in Waddilove Street, which was then in the country, apparently near Tyburn; and there he has remained till the surrounding fields have been "covered in," squares erected in the vicinity, and Waddilove Street newly baptized "Pocklington Gardens"; while Mrs. Cammysole has raised the rent of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, on the strength of this change of name, and her own addition of A to the 46 of the old house,—an usurpation at which the agent of Sir Thomas Pocklington, M. P. for the borough of Lathanplaster is furious. "Our Street" with its vicinity is the very type of *new* fashionable neighbourhoods under the given circumstances; and not described, as is often the case, with a touch of the past in the present, but the very "Cynthia of the minute" is caught. There is the parish-church with its rector, "old Slocum, of the good old tawny port-wine school." "In the centre of Pocklington Gardens rises St. Waltheofs's—a splendid Anglo-Norman edifice, vast, rich, elaborate, bran new, and intensely old." There is a Romish chapel, with a Dissenting chapel close at hand; and "Our Street" offers that intermixture of ranks, fortunes, unpretending gentility, with show of questionable fashion, which is only to be found in a *new* neighbourhood, or a new colony—which in some sense a new neighbourhood is.

The delineation of the common occurrences and characters of such a region is done by a mind thoroughly imbued with the reality, and throwing off its knowledge without the slightest effort. As a reflex of society as it is, *Our Street* is unrivalled; beating "all to nothing" the elaborated flimsiness of three-volumed novels, or the literal minuteness of Dickens. The natural "sorrow, joy, or pain," so far as a heated civilization allows such things to be—the vanities, coarseness, follies, and trickeries of people issuing from the mere middle or tradesman class, yet not with a fixed position among the old families—look less like literature than very life. Yet, though much weakness and some roguery pass in review, there is no bitterness; but the

good-natured allowance of a man who is speaking, in Shaksperian phrase, of his "fellows." It may be objected that the outline and coloring are slight: but this is designed. *Our Street* is intended for holyday perusal, when the mind wants to be tickled, not tasked; and the reading, like the talking, is touch-and-go. It should, however, be observed, that much more is conveyed by this slightheadness of Mr. Titmarsh than by the ponderous laboring of others. "Multum in parvo" might be the motto of our English Michael Angelo.

Our Street is not exactly the book for extract, since it is hardly fair to draw upon so small a volume: but we will take two bits—and first, a mere sketch of Captain Bragg, retired from the Company's service.

"Bragg to this day wears anchor-buttons, and has a dress-coat with a gold strap for epaulets, in case he should have a fancy to sport them. His house is covered with portraits, busts, and miniatures of himself. His wife is made to wear one of the latter. On his sideboard are pieces of plate, presented by the passengers of the *Ram Chunder* to Captain Bragg. 'The *Ram Chunder* East Indiaman, in a gale off Table Bay'; 'The Outward-bound Fleet, under convoy of her Majesty's frigate *Loblollyboy*, Captain Gutch, beating off the French squadron, under Commodore Leloup (the *Ram Chunder* S. E. by E., is represented engaged with the *Mirliton* corvette)'; 'The *Ram Chunder* standing into the Hooghly, with Captain Bragg, his telescope, and speaking-trumpet, on the poop'; 'Captain Bragg presenting the Officers of the *Ram Chunder* to General Bonaparte at St. Helena'—TITMARSH (this fine piece was painted by me when I was in favor with Bragg); in a word, Bragg and the *Ram Chunder* are all over the house."

Besides its minute observation, this sketch of the landlady challenges remark for the spirit of good-nature which pervades it: lodginghouse-keepers are commonly done in gall.

"Mrs. Cammysole, my landlady, will be rather surprised when she reads this, and finds that a good-natured tenant, who has never complained of her impositions for fifteen years, understands every one of her tricks, and treats them, not with anger, but with scorn—with silent scorn.

"On the 18th of December, 1837, for instance, coming gently down stairs, and before my usual wont, I saw you seated in my arm-chair, peeping into a letter that came from my aunt in the country, just as if it had been addressed to you, and not to 'M. A. Titmarsh, Esq.' Did I make any disturbance? far from it: I slunk back to my bedroom, (being enabled to walk silently in the beautiful pair of worsted slippers Miss Penel-

ope J —s worked for me; they are worn out now, dear Penelope!) and then, rattling open the door with a great noise, descended the stairs, singing '*Son vergin vezzosa*' at the top of my voice. You were not in my sitting-room, Mrs. Cammysole, when I entered that apartment.

"You have been reading all my letters, papers, manuscripts, *brouillons* of verses, inchoate articles for the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle*, invitations to dinner and tea, all my family letters, all Eliza Townley's letters, from the first, in which she declared that to be the bride of her beloved Michelangelo was the fondest wish of her maiden heart, to the last, in which she announced that her Thomas was the best of husbands, and signed herself 'Eliza Slogger'; all Mary Farmer's letters, all Emily Delamere's, all that poor foolish old Miss Macwhirter's, whom I would as soon marry as —; in a word, I know that you, you hawk-beaked, keen-eyed, sleepless, indefatigable, old Mrs. Cammysole, have read all my papers for these ten years.

"I know that you cast your curious old eyes over all the manuscripts which you find in my coat-pockets, and those of my pantaloons, as they hang in a drapery over the door-handle of my bedroom.

"I know that you count the money in my green and gold purse, which Lucy Netterville gave me, and speculate on the manner in which I have laid out the difference between to-day and yesterday.

"I know that you have an understanding with the laundress, (to whom you say that you are all-powerful with me,) threatening to take away my practice from her, unless she gets up gratis some of your fine linen.

"I know that we both have a penny-worth of cream for breakfast, which is brought in in the

same little can; and I know who has the most for her share.

"I know how many lumps of sugar you take from each pound as it arrives. I have counted the lumps, you old thief, and for years have never said a word, except to Miss Clapperclaw, the first-floor lodger. Once I put a bottle of pale brandy into that cupboard, of which you and I only have the keys; and the liquor wasted and wasted away, until it was all gone. You drank the whole of it, you wicked old woman. You a lady, indeed!

"I know your rage when they did me the honor to elect me a member of the Poluphlois-boiothalasses Club, and I ceased consequently to dine at home. When I *did* dine at home, on a beef-steak let us say, I should like to know what you had for supper? You first amputated portions of the meat when raw; you abstracted more when cooked. Do you think I was taken in by your flimsy pretences? I wonder how you could dare to do such things before your maids, (you, a clergyman's daughter and widow indeed!) whom you yourself were always charging with roguery."

The same general criticism applies to the pictured illustrations as to the text: they are not, perhaps, so rich as the portraits of the Mulligan; but better representations of every day life. "Some of our Gentlemen" — a plate of heads and figures of grooms, flunkies, tigers, &c. — is capital; the mutes are portraits; but we think that which has most of the essence of character, we will not say satire, is "the Dove of our Street" — Mr. Oriel, the Tractarian divine, surrounded by his fair disciples at an evening party. — *Spectator*.

L I N E S,

(AFTER WOLFE)

WRITTEN ON THE THREATENED DEATH (ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE) OF JOHN O'CONNELL.

Not a groan was heard, not a pitying note,
As down on the floor he hurried;
Not a member offer'd to lend his coat,
Or ask'd how he'd like to be buried.

We look'd at him slyly at dead of night,
Our backs adroitly turning,
That he might not see us laugh outright
By the lights so brightly burning.

No useless advice we on him press'd,
Nor in argument we wound him;
But we left him to lie, and take his rest,
With his Irish *clique* around him.

Few and short were the speeches made,
And we spoke not a word in sorrow;
But we thought, as we look'd, though we leave him
for dead,
He'll be fresh as a lark to-morrow.

We thought, we'll be careful where we tread,
And avoid him where he's lying:
For if we should tumble over his head,
'T would certainly send us flying.

Lightly they'll talk of him when they're gone,
And p'rhaps for his folly upbraid him;
But little he'll care, and again try it on,
Till the Serjeant-at-arms shall have stayed him.

But half of us asked, "What's now to be done?"
When the time arrived for retiring,
And we heard the door-keeper say, "It's no fun
Our attendance to watch him requiring."

Slowly and softly they shut the door,
After Radical, Whig, and Tory;
And muttering out, "We'll stop here no more,"
They left him alone in his glory.

Punch.

TASTES OF THE GUARDSMEN IN LITERATURE.

A curious document has come into our hands, a manuscript list of the books forming a library for the use of the privates of one of the household regiments, with marks made at the particular works which are "the most popular with the men." The selection, we may remark, is much better in this case than it appeared to us to be in a regimental catalogue which we perused some time ago, and which, we were told, was of general application. In that case a vast number of the books appeared unsuitable to a singular degree. In this instance, where, we understand, a special care was exercised by one of the officers, the selection, though not incapable, we humbly think, of improvement, is on the whole good. With regard to the preferences shown by the men for particular books, it occurs to us that to learn what these are may serve not merely to gratify curiosity, but to guide others in making selections of books for persons of limited education. We therefore shall indicate them, as far as can conveniently be done in these columns.

Of books of history the catalogue contains *twenty-five*. Here we find the favorites are — Brenton's Naval History, The Wellington Despatches, Voltaire's Charles XII., The Siege of Gibraltar, Hume and Smollett's History of England, and Thiers's Revolution. On Gibbon, Plutarch, Josephus, Knight's London, Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745, The Pictorial History of England, &c., no remark is made. In biography, Scott's Napoleon, Clarke's Life of Wellington, The Buccaneers, Mackenzie's Naval Biography, Peter the Great, and Theobald Wolfe Tone, are marked with approbation; while Cromwell, Watt, Columbus, Exmouth, Hardy Vaux, Vidocq, Madame du Barri, Benvenuto Cellini, Kotzebue, &c., are to be understood as comparatively neglected. There are fifteen religious books, four of which are in esteem amongst the Guards — The Pilgrims' Progress (where is it not a favorite?), Hervey's Meditations, The Holy War, and Watts' Sermons. We are to suppose that less regard is paid to Williams's Missionary Enterprises, Paley's Evidences, Abbot's Young Christian, Richmond's Annals of the Poor, The Guide to Heaven, Religious Life, &c. The poetical department is very limited, only six books — Shakspeare, Dr. Aiken's Selections, Milton, Southey, Scott and Byron; whereof only Southey and Scott are unmarked. Then follow the novels and romances, which may be said to form the bulk of the library, as was perhaps to be

expected, however much it may be regretted. The marks of admiration are thick sown over this class: Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, are favorites, as a matter of course (Martin Chuzzlewit an exception, in the last instance); so are Mr. Gleig and Captain Marryatt, as was also, in some degree, to be expected. But one is surprised a little to find James more in favor than Cooper. Galt has no marks; neither, as a general rule, have any of the older novelists, as Smollett and Sterne. The rollicking humors of Mr. Lever are in good esteem; so are the exciting marvels of Eugene Sue; not so the quiet pleasantries of Washington Irving. We next come to voyages and travels, where, out of twelve books, but one is in favor — The Modern Traveller (a sort of essence of books of travels,) in thirty-four volumes, by Josiah Condor. Then comes "Philosophy," limited to eleven books, whereof Combe's Phrenology and Constitution of Man, Lectures on Astronomy, Divine Dialogues, The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, and Bingley's Useful Knowledge, are distinguished as popular. Amongst a final class of "Miscellaneous" — The Penny and Saturday Magazines, Chambers's Journal and Information for the People, The Tales of the Borders, The London Journal, and Bentley's and Ainsworth's Magazines, are in repute; while Hone's Year-Book, The Rambler, and even The Military Bijou, are undistinguished.

We cannot conclude without expressing the pleasure we feel in reflecting that the intellectual and moral condition of the poor soldier is now a matter of concern and regard to his superiors, and that even under arrangements which cannot be considered as complete, he has at his command a means of spending his spare time in what will advance him in intelligence and as a responsible being, instead of being condemned, as formerly, to the idle promenade, the corrupting street, or the debauching public-house. We would, however, strongly press upon the officers the necessity of seeing carefully after the selection of the books for the regimental libraries. Many in the catalogues we have seen might as well not have been there, while many acceptable and instructive books are wanting. — *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

The old are long shadows, and their evening sun lies cold upon the earth; but they point to the morning.

COLLECTANEA.

THE "HAERLEMMER MEER."

In the lately published number of the Edinburgh Review will be found an instructive article on that social and physical phenomenon—Holland. We refer to it more particularly for the account which it presents of the plans now in course of operation for draining the Lake of Haerlem, as it is called in our English maps, but which is known among the Dutch as the Haerlemmer Meer, or Haerlem Sea. We well remember the sight of this vast sheet of water, when, going along the road from Haerlem to Amsterdam, we found it stretching far away to the right, and covering, as we were told, an area of seventy square miles. A broad mound or dike, on which the highway was extended, may be said to have been the boundary which prevented still further encroachments of the ocean. It is, however, on all sides carefully banked; and the annual expense incurred for these defences amounts to from L.4000 to L.5000.

The meer of Haerlem originated in a series of inundations of the sea about three hundred years ago. Numerous schemes were subsequently devised to expel the ocean, but they were either not attended to, or failed in execution. The boldest of these projects was devised by a most ingenious mechanician, Jan Leeghwater; but we believe it only went the length of employing a vast army of windmills, each working a pump; and at any rate it was never properly entertained. The serious difficulty in the way of expelling and permanently keeping out the meer was the expense; latterly, however, since the discovery of steam power, it has been made apparent to the minds of the Hollanders, "that to keep dry, and to maintain the dikes around this large area, when brought into the state of a polder (dry patch of land), would not exceed in yearly expense the cost of maintaining the existing barrier dikes." As soon as this fact was satisfactorily established, the expulsion of the meer was determined on by the Dutch government.

"A navigable ring canal was begun," proceeds the reviewer, "in 1840. At three distant points on the borders of the lake as many monster engines are to be erected. These, it is calculated, will exhaust the waters, and lay the bed of the lake dry, by fourteen months of incessant pumping; at a total cost, for machines and labor, of L.140,000. The expense of maintaining the dikes and engines afterwards will be nearly L.5000 a year. The cost of maintaining the old

barrier dikes amounted, as we have already stated, to about the same sum. The land to be laid dry is variously estimated at from fifty to seventy thousand acres. Taking the lowest of these estimates, the cost of reclaiming amounts to L.3 sterling per imperial acre, and that of subsequently maintaining to two shillings per acre. Independently, therefore, of the other advantages which will attend it, there will be an actual money profit from the undertaking. The quantity of water to be lifted is calculated at about a thousand millions of tons. This would have required a hundred and fourteen windmills of the largest size stationed at intervals round the lake, and working for four years, at a total cost of upwards of L.300,000; while at the same time, after the first exhaustion of the waters was completed, the greater number of these mills would have been perfectly useless. How wonderful appears the progress of mechanical art! Three steam-engines to do the work of one hundred and fourteen huge mills, in one third of the time, and at less than one half the cost! One of these monster engines—of English manufacture—working, polypus-like, eleven huge suckers at the extremity of as many formidable arms, has been already erected, and tried at the southern extremity of the lake in the neighbourhood of Leyden. The annual drainage of the lake is calculated at fifty-four millions of tons, of which twenty millions will require in some seasons to be lifted in the course of one or two months. Had our railway undertakings not sprung up to rival or excel it, we should have unhesitatingly claimed for this work the praise of being the boldest effort of civil engineering in modern times."

We learn for the first time, from the Review, that as Holland produces no coal, the natives have finally resorted to steam-power, with some degree of fear as to the consequences. Should they go to war with England and other coal-producing countries, how is fuel to be procured? It is to be trusted that our good friends the Dutch will keep themselves quite easy on this score; and we wish them cordially to unite with us in the following sentiments:—"Let Holland depend upon England and Belgium for the coal which is to dry her polders. Let Norway, and Russia, and Belgium, and the United States of America, depend upon the English market for the sale of their timber, their hemp, and flax, and cotton. Let England depend upon Russia, and Germany, and America for her deficient corn, and upon the world at large for outlets to

manufactures. Let railways annihilate international barriers, making the broad land as free to pass over as the sea; and let the post-office and the electric telegraph mingle by millions the kind thoughts, and the more serious reflections, and the tidings of mental and physical progress, from all the corners of the earth; and then neither the whims of autocrats, nor the squabbles of royal houses, nor disputed marriages, nor dyspeptic ministers, nor polemical differences, nor desert corners of land, will long be permitted to endanger the lives and comfort of millions of human beings."

— *Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

HISTORY OF BOOKBINDING.

At a recent meeting of the London Society of Arts, Mr. J. Cundall read a paper on ornamental art as applied to ancient and modern bookbinding, which contains some interesting details on the subject. He commenced by stating, that the earliest records of bookbinding prove that the art has been practised for nearly 2,000 years; previously to which time books were written on scrolls of parchment. Some inventive genius, however, to whom the Athenians erected a statue, found out a means of binding books with glue. The rolls of vellum, &c., were cut into sheets of two and four leaves, and were then stitched somewhat as at the present day. Then came the necessity for a covering. The first book-covers appear to have been made of wood — probably merely plain oaken boards; which were afterwards succeeded by valuable carved oak bindings. These were followed by boards covered with vellum or leather; and specimens of such, of great antiquity, still exist. The Romans carried the art of bookbinding to a considerable perfection; and some of their public officers had books called Diptychs, in which their acts were written. An old writer says that about the Christian era the books of the Romans were covered with red, yellow, green, and purple leather, and decorated with silver and gold. In the 13th century some of the Gospels, missals, and service books for the use of the Greek and Roman churches were covered in gold and silver; some were also enamelled and enriched with precious stones and pearls of great value. In the 15th century, when Art was universal, such men as Albert Durer, Raffiaelle and Giulio Romano decorated books. The use of calf and morocco binding seems to have followed the introduction of printing; and there are many printed books bound in calf with oaken boards. About the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries they are mostly stamped with gold and

blind tools. The earliest of these tools generally represent figures such as Christ, St. Paul, coats of arms, &c., — according to the contents of the book. In the reign of Henry VIII., about 1538, Grafton the printer undertook to print the Great Bible; for which purpose he went to Paris, there not being sufficient men or types in England. He had not, however, proceeded far before he was stopped in the progress of this heretical book; when he returned to England, bringing with him presses, type, printers, and bookbinders, and finished the work in 1539. Henry VIII. had many books bound in velvet, with gold bosses and ornaments; and in his reign the stamping of tools in gold appears to have been introduced. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth some exquisite bindings were done by embroidery. The Queen herself used to work the covers with gold and silver thread, spangles, &c. Count Grolier seems to have been a great patron of the art on the continent; and all his books were bound in smooth morocco or calf ornamented with gold. The style of the books of Maioli was very similar to that of Grolier, or those of Diana of Poitiers, — the specimens done for her being among the finest ever produced, and were no doubt designed by Petit Bernard. Roger Paine was the first Englishman who produced a really good binding; and some of his best works, such as French romances, were powdered with the fleur-de-lis. His books on chivalry had suitable ornaments; on poetical works he used a simple lyre; and he carried the emblematical style of binding as far as emblems ought to be used. The author, after alluding to the numerous specimens of modern bindings of late produced and regretting their want of originality, concluded by urging the necessity of attempting something original and suitable to the advancing and improving taste of the time.

Mr. Cole, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, exhibited a number of specimens; among which was one of Henry VII.'s time, — containing the deeds relating to Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, and in which the monks undertook to pray for the soul of the king as its founder as long as the world is.

JENNY LIND.

The *Manchester Examiner* has taken the trouble to bring together the various matrimonial engagements to which the periodical press have committed Mdlle. Jenny Lind. As that which is in print is true by the adage, these form a notorious case of present flirtation or threatened polygamy. — It is reported that Jenny Lind will

bestow her hand on the Rev. Mr. Grote, of Burnham Beeches, near Slough. — *Kent Herald*. There is no truth that Jenny Lind is to be married to a clergyman at Slough. It is well known that she is to be united to a gentleman in our neighbourhood. — *Dover paper*. Some of the journals have selected a husband for Jenny Lind; but we can assure our readers that the fair songstress has accepted an offer from a wealthy gentleman, the owner of late iron-works in our neighbourhood. — *Birmingham paper*. All our contemporaries are speculating in matters with which they can have no earthly concern. Jenny Lind is neither to be married to a clergyman or to a wealthy Birmingham ironmaster. She has accepted an offer from a cutler in our town. — *Sheffield paper*. We dare say the Sheffield paper thinks to astonish its readers in announcing the probable marriage of Jenny Lind; but we are not surprised at any thing that the editor of such a journal may utter. The truth is, that the son of a military officer here happened to be in the lady's company at a private party in London. Looks were exchanged; heavy breathings and suppressed sighs followed. Our young hero popped the question; and he was, to use a court term, graciously accepted. The marriage will take place when Jenny Lind has a little spare time on her hands. — *Tipperary Chronicle*. We have an announcement to make which will startle our readers. Jenny Lind has accepted an offer of marriage from the editor of a well-known journal in this town. — *Manchester paper*. Jenny Lind is about to be led to the hymeneal altar by Captain Gammon, of the Royal Horse Marines (Blue); and we understand Her Majesty has announced her gracious intention of giving away the bride.

— *Court Circular*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Central Committee of the Archæological Institute are taking measures for the immediate preparation of a series of manuals in illustration of British antiquities, including all branches of archæological research and every period. A full announcement of their plans may shortly be anticipated:—and, in the mean time, we are enabled to state that these manuals will include many objects of antiquarian science hitherto neglected or imperfectly illustrated, drawn from original sources, scattered notices and costly publications. The early British, Roman-British, and Anglo-Saxon periods will form distinct portions of the plan; and under each the stationary monuments—as tumuli, camps, roads,

or buildings—will be illustrated and classed,—as well as the weapons, ornaments, and other movable remains of each successive period.—The subject of costume will naturally form an attractive feature of this series; and will be treated under all its divisions of military, secular, and ecclesiastical costumes,—personal and sacred ornaments, church decoration, and monachism. The plan will embrace heraldry, and the distinctive peculiarities of heraldic design, social life, the sports and pageantry of ancient times, manufactures and commerce, decorative arts and the symbolism of the early artists, numismatics, seals, musical instruments,—and other subjects of curious inquiry, in which a growing interest has been excited by the taste for archæological investigation. Ecclesiastical architecture has already been largely illustrated by recent writers; but military architecture is almost an untouched subject, with which much that is interesting not less to the historian than to the antiquary is connected. Some of these projected manuals are already in preparation. The 'Instructions' of the French 'Comité des Monuments' is a work somewhat of this kind,—but scarcely extended enough in its plan or sufficiently attractive to the uninitiated reader.

The King of the Belgians has, it is said, created a mark of distinction for such artisans and workmen as have given proofs of superior skill and judgment in their respective arts and trades, and been at the same time of irreproachable conduct. It consists of a silver medal, to be suspended on the left breast by a small chain of the same metal, bearing the name of the person on whom it is conferred, with the date of the year. This silver medal is to be only the first decoration—another of gold may be obtained on a second competition. There are to be 800 of these silver medals and 200 of gold—and the jury on the Exhibition of the Progress of the Useful Arts for 1847 is to designate the candidates.

Among the papers of Madame von Wollzogen, a sister-in-law of Schiller, who died in the early part of the present year, have been found the outline and the commencement of a tragedy by the great poet, which were hitherto unknown.

A general subscription has been suggested in Germany for the purpose of presenting a suitable reward to Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of the wonderful effects of ether. The 'Journal of Literature and Science' published at Vienna, says; "We are not acquainted with the circumstances of the discoverer; but we very much doubt whether he and his countrymen would accept such a subscription. A country which

would not raise such a man to the highest and most honorable position, would be an ungrateful country, and only such a country would suffer her son to receive a reward from foreign lands. As to such trumpery as medals, cups, swords, &c., Dr. Jackson is above such things, and his name will live to future ages without them."

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE PLANET NEPTUNE; an Exposition and History. By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.

The basis of this essay was a lecture delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, in which Dr. Nichol aimed at combining the scientific and the popular; a difficulty he has successfully overcome. The strict subject was an account of the discovery of the new planet Neptune—the profoundly sagacious speculation and unwearied calculation by which the existence of an unseen body moving in the depths of space was inferred, and its place determined. To render this story clear, Dr. Nichol first presents a view of our solar system, with an exposition of the law of gravitation, as it not only acts directly from the sun on any particular planet, but as one planet is influenced by all the rest; the nice investigation of which principle, and some subordinate laws of our system, enabled the existence and position of Neptune to be fixed before it was seen. A closing section is devoted to a discussion of the respective claims of Leverrier and Adams; in which, but for Dr. Nichol's genial nature, we might suspect something like temper. The *merits* of both discoverers may be equal, but the Frenchman's *right* is clear: publication to the world is the only test; not even Arago's French vaunting can change the fact that Leverrier published his hypothesis before Adams.

This essay, though more limited in its extent than the previous publications of Dr. Nichol, exhibits his characteristic merit—scientific knowledge combined with popular exposition. When the nature of the subject is considered, *The Planet Neptune* probably displays the author's power of making abstruse principles plain, to any mind that is at all competent to apprehend them, more distinctly than any other of his works. The expositions of the disturbing effects of the planets on the gravitation power of the sun is a very beautiful example of a rare power; the drift of the whole being, we think, comprehensible, even when particular diagrams may not be apprehended. The disturbances caused to Uranus by Neptune while unknown, with

the story of the discovery, is all but equal to the disquisition on gravitation: perhaps the merit is the same, but the subject more limited.

THE STELLAR UNIVERSE: Views of its Arrangements, Motions, and Evolutions. By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.

This volume contains in some degree the more striking portions of the author's previous works, rewritten in a less ornate style, and designed for a younger class of readers; though Dr. Nichol himself doubts whether the juvenile mind is able to acquire a relishing knowledge of astronomical subjects from books—it demands oral teaching adapted to each individual capacity. However this may be, *The Stellar Universe* embraces an account of our own system, the Milky Way, and the regions beyond it, together with minor matters—as the Telescope; and if the young reader cannot as yet master it, the book will keep. The Nebular Hypothesis is dropped.

THOUGHTS ON SOME IMPORTANT POINTS RELATING TO THE SYSTEM OF THE WORLD. By J. P. NICHOL, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow.

This new edition of a publication which made its first appearance in the Autumn of 1846, is enriched by "hints," and something more, derived from Sir J. Herschel's work on the Southern Heavens, as well as from other sources. In the first edition the Nebular Hypothesis was considered to be overthrown; and now Laplace's system is abandoned, except as a mere speculation throughout.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLAND.

Francis's (J.) History of the Bank of England, 2 vols.

Green's Nursery Annual for 1848, 4s. 6d. velvet.

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Hawbuck Grange; or, Sporting Adventures, 12s.

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GERMANY.

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 In welchem Sinn deutsche Philosophie jetzt wieder an Kant sich zu orientiren hat. Von Dr. C. H. Weisse. Leipzig.
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The Daguerreotype is published semi-monthly, by Jno. M. Whittemore, Bookseller and Publisher, No. 114 Washington street, Boston, to whom orders for the work may be sent, and by whom they will receive prompt attention.

To agents who will interest themselves in extending the circulation of the work, liberal commissions will be given.